

THE TOWN BEFORE YOU,

A

COMEDY,

AS ACTED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL, COVENT-GARDEN.

By *Mrs. COWLEY.* *K*

LONDON:

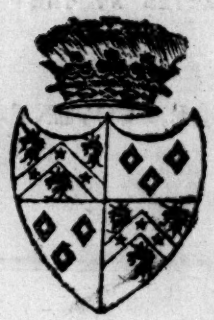
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1795.

THE TOWN OF BOSTON

CITY OF BOSTON



TO

MRS. FRUSHARD,

CALCUTTA

MADAM,

I SELDOM write Dedications. Whenever I have written one, it has been from an impulse of veneration, or of tender gratitude. THE BELLE'S STRATAGEM I dedicated to *her Majesty*; THE TOWN BEFORE YOU is dedicated to *you*.

The virtues which you practise in your elegant pavilions at GASSARY, have

A 3

reach'd

reach'd the British shores. Their reputation now echoes back again to those of the Ganges; and I would persuade myself that I may be the cause of extending it still farther. Yes, I would hope that this humble pen may speak to those of after times, and tell them that you *quietly* perform such acts of graceful goodness, as open a thousand mouths in your praise, whilst you persuade yourself that all is secret, and that no one finds you out to be more amiable and respected, than the generality of human creatures.

This self deception is a little help'd on, by him, to whom of all earthly beings you are bound to look up. He *aids* your charming impositions—he *assists* you in fixing fetters of gratitude on all around you, and then persuades himself and you, that Heaven alone is privy to the deed. But you could not hope always to go on
in

in this sort of concealment—at length you
are unveil'd!

I am unable to measure the extent of
my private obligations to you; but may
this public acknowledgement of them con-
vince you that they throb in my heart, and
that I must be

Ever,

MADAM,

Your faithfully devoted,

H. COWLEY.

I am sorry to mention the extent
my private relations to you but
this public report of them is
since you are interested in my health and
that I must be

Yours

Wm. L. Garrison

Yours truly, Wm. L. Garrison

Wm. L. Garrison

PREFACE.

THE following is rather the Comedy which the Public have chosen it to be, than the Comedy which I intended. Some things have been left out, and some have been added since the first representation: In short, the Comedy has been *new class'd*—it has been torn from its genus.

It is hoped, however, that there may be found characters, in *THE TOWN BEFORE YOU*, to interest, and situations to attach; and that those events which were vivacity in the Theatre, will not be dulness in the closet.

But it must be noticed, that the scene, in the second act, between *TIPPY* and his Landlady, and that in the fifth act, between *TIPPY* and the Bailiff, were no part of my original design. They were written during the illness of *MRS. POPE*, after the Piece had been played several nights. Alas! I am sorry to remark, that no scenes in the Comedy (to use the Stage idiom) *go off* better,

An

An acute Critic lately said, in one of those assemblies where conversation, though sometimes light, is seldom without meaning, "A Comedy to please, in the present day, must be *made*, not written." It requires no great expanse of comprehension to perceive the meaning of this dogma; the truth of which I am equally ready to acknowledge, and to deplore: But should it *want* illustration, it may be found every week in a popular Piece, where a great Actor, holding a sword in his left hand, and making awkward pushes with it, charms the audience infinitely more than he could do, by all the wit and observation which the ingenious Author might have given him; and brings down such applauses, as the bewitching dialogue of CIBBER, and of FARQUHAR pants for in vain!

The patient developement of character, the repeated touches which colour it up to Nature, and swell it into identity and existence (and which gave celebrity to CONGREVE), we have now no relish for. The combinations of interest, the strokes which are meant to reach the heart, we are equally incapable of tasting. LAUGH! LAUGH! LAUGH! is the demand: Not a word must be uttered that looks like instruction, or a sentence which ought to be remembered,

From a Stage, in such a state, it is time to withdraw; but I call on my younger cotemporaries, I invoke the rising generation, to *correct* a taste which, to be gratified, demands neither genius or intellect;—which asks only a happy knack at inventing TRICK. I adjure them to restore to the Drama SENSE, OBSERVATION,

VATION, WIT, LESSON ! and to teach our Writers to respect their own talents.

What mother can now lead her daughters to the great National School, THE THEATRE, in the confidence of their receiving either polish or improvement ? Should the luckless Bard stumble on a reflection, or a sentiment, the audience yawn, and wait for the next tumble from a chair, or a tripping up of the heels, to put them into attention. Surely I shall be forgiven for satirising myself ; I have *made* such things, and I blush to have made them.

O ! GENIUS of a polish'd age, descend !—plant thy banners in our Theatres, and bid ELEGANCE and FEELING take place of the *droll* and the *laugh*, which formerly were found only in the Booths of *Bartlemy Fair*, and were divided between *Flocton* and *Yates* ! With actors capable of giving force to all that is intellectual, is it not *pity* to condemn them to such drudgery ? THEY are no longer necessary. Let Sadler's Wells and the Circus empty themselves of their performers to furnish our Stage ; the expence to Managers will be less, and their business will be carried on better. The UNDERSTANDING, DISCERNMENT, and EDUCATION, which distinguish our modern actors, are useless to them ;—strong muscles are in greater repute, and grimace has more powerful attraction.

THE AGE

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...the ... of ...

...the ... of ...

...the ... of ...

...

PROLOGUE,

Mrs. MATTOCKS.

AH! ah! you're here, and comfortably tight?
Well squeez'd and press'd, I see—from left to right.
Waiting the moment when the curtain rises,
Gasping for plots, adventures, and surprises!
Were I a Poet—a Dramatic Wit,
And by the Stage Tarantula were bit,
My Prologue shou'd, as was the good old way,
A word or two upon *the subject say*;
Hint a loose outline of the scene within,
And let you guess the whole ere we begin.
In present times, the Prologue and its Play,
Are as near kin as Michaelmas and May—
Confin'd, then, not to say a word of *that*,
I'll tell a story—and I have one pat.

A Boniface of late, placed near his door,
“ Good larders here, of genuine wines, rich store.”
In gold the gaudy invitation hung,
And to the shifting Zephyrs gently swung.
It chanc'd a traveller, with stomach keen,
Leapt from his Rozinante, tir'd and lean,
'Talk'd of his supper, with an eager air—
Resolved, for once, in no expence to spare;
I'll have stewed carp, he cried, and chicken roast,
And, bring me, of the Burgundy you boast.
Y—e—s, Sir, the staring, curtsying Damsel said,
And, in a trice, the table-cloth was laid.
I am my own man, he adds, in accents bold,

Nor

PROLOGUE.

Nor shall I fear, to-night, my household scold ;
One hundred miles, betwixt me and my dear—
Odds bobs ! her shrill alarum can't reach here !
At length came back the pretty, simpering Kate,
And plac'd—two eggs upon his lonely plate.

Our Traveller amazed, the Landlord call'd,
Host ! Host ! in angry accents loudly bawl'd ;
He came—Where are your ducks, your lobsters, turkey,
hare ?

“ Why, there you have them—in the *Bill of Fare* ;
“ There you have game, and fowl, and fish, well drest,
“ And neat old Port, to give the whole a zest ;
“ My house affords no other, Sir, believe me,
“ I scorn, I'm sure, to go for to deceive ye.”

The guest fatigued, enraged, the Inn forsook,
And the road, slowly, to another took :
There, *without* promise, all was neat and clean,
His food was wholesome, and his room not mean.
So—not to raise high hopes, we cannot meet,
We trust this night's *plain* fare is fresh and sweet ;
And shou'd you like the dressing, we invite ye,
To come as often as the dish delights ye ;
A hearty welcome you will always find,
And to your wills, our Host, and House, resign'd.



PERSONS

PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.

TIPPY	<i>Mr. Lewis.</i>
FANCOURT	<i>Mr. Munden.</i>
CONWAY	<i>Mr. Holman.</i>
ASGILL	<i>Mr. Pope.</i>
SIR ROBERT FLOYER	<i>Mr. Quick.</i>
SIR SIMON ASGILL	<i>Mr. Powell.</i>
HUMPHREY	<i>Mr. Fawcett.</i>
PERKINS	<i>Mr. Hull.</i>
SLOPSELLER	<i>Mr. Thompson.</i>
BUCKRAM	<i>Mr. Williamson.</i>
HOLDFAST	<i>Mr. Cross.</i>
SIR ROBERT'S SERVANT	<i>Mr. Simmons.</i>
LADY HORATIA HORTON	<i>Mrs. Pope.</i>
GEORGINA	<i>Miss Wallis.</i>
MRS. FANCOURT	<i>Mrs. Mattocks.</i>
LADY CHARLOTTE	<i>Miss Chapman.</i>
JENNY	<i>Mrs. Martyr.</i>
MRS. BULLRUSH	<i>Miss Stuart.</i>
LADY HORATIA'S SERVANT	<i>Miss Leserve.</i>

THE

THE TOWN BEFORE YOU,

A

C O M E D Y.

A C T I.

SCENE I.—*A plain Apartment, with a few Books.*

FANCOURT *sits reading*—Mrs. FANCOURT *at work at some distance.*

FANCOURT.

HOW well those fellows wrote, those antients! How finely they satirize the rich, and what respect they have for virtue in rags! My dear, I will translate the passage—off hand now, d'ye hear, off hand! (*rises and reads*)

“Poliarchus, the rich Athenian, wantoning in
“gluttony, looks with contempt on the poor
“Cassander: Cassander reposing on his bed of
“straw, thanks the Gods that he has health
“and virtue; and prays to be preserved from
“the misfortune of being rich, like Poliarchus,
“whose floors are stained with the wine of
“drunkenness, and whose silver couch is constantly crowded by physicians.”

Mrs. Fancourt. Are you sure that is a just translation, Mr. Fancourt?

B

Mr.

Mr. Fancourt. What, Madam, do you doubt my knowledge of Greek! Some people can hardly read English at sight; I can translate at sight, thanks to the milk I suck'd in at Oxford. Doctor Johnson and I, were both Oxford men.—I like to read that old Quiz, he was so fond of us Oxford fellows. But he had too much respect for riches—he liked rich people.

Mrs. Fancourt. To say truth, I have a little of his way of thinking. I had never much respect towards those Philosophers who are always throwing sarcasms on the rich—

Fancourt. (*interrupting*) I do maintain, Madam, that the rich are *the* vilest—

Mrs. Fancourt. Come, come, Mr. Fancourt, your extravagancies have rendered you poor, and therefore you are always raving thus, and pouring your philipics on people of fortune;—as though vice and folly could only be found in palaces, and virtue in garrets.

Fancourt. Hey day! Why Ma'am—why—

Mrs. Fancourt. For my part, I believe there is as much goodness amongst persons of fortune, as amongst the poor—and I do not see why the power of dressing elegantly, and living in well educated society, should debase the heart, or weaken the understanding.

Fancourt. You do not see! why you are the greatest—the most abominable—upon my soul, you are the most provoking fool that ever—

Mrs. Fancourt. My dear Sir, I do not doubt it—you have repeated these opinions too often for me not to be convinced of their justice. But really now, between ourselves (*rising and laying down her work*) as opinion is nothing without

without example, I will take the liberty to quote yourself in support of mine.

Fancourt. Me! quote me!

Mrs. Fancourt. Even your great and mighty self! Mr. Fancourt, when I married you, you were not poor—not so poor as you are now; and I think at that time you had no particular vices; but as dissipation has brought poverty upon you, I have observed that by little and little your shallow virtues have disappeared, till—

Fancourt. (*impatiently*) 'Till what?

Mrs. Fancourt. Till you are capable of almost any action that will not endanger your neck. Nay, I no longer mind your threatening looks—I am so convinced of what I have said, that my heart feels horror.

Fancourt. I'll make it feel something else.

Mrs. Fancourt. You cannot. All other power over my heart is over; you can afflict it no more! But observe my deduction. I state you to yourself as a proof that poverty is *sometimes* the source of wickedness; and that squalid wretchedness is as capable of debasing the heart, as affluence and splendor.

Fancourt. Very well, woman! very well! still the noise of that child there—(*going to the door*) what an odious squaling it keeps!

Mrs. Fancourt. It is not easy, Mr. Fancourt, to still the noise of children who are hungry. Though they are the children of the *first* Mrs. Fancourt, it pierces my heart to hear them—why will you not do something to get bread for them?

Fancourt. What would you have me do? I was not bred to stand behind a counter, nor

to cry "*Chairs to mend*" in the streets. You know all that—what did you marry me for?

Mrs. Fancourt. Alas! because I loved you. The sweetness of your manners disguised the emptiness of your heart, and I romantically thought that poverty could never be an evil, when two hearts fondly *shared* its difficulties. But now—permit me to ask, why you married me?

Fancourt. Because you had a modicum of a fortune—a score of hundreds: and I had not so many shillings.

Mrs. Fancourt. That little modicum might have been a bank, if properly managed, and—

Fancourt. Pshaw!—stuff! I hate such cant. What do you want?

Enter a female Servant.

Servant. A person left this parcel, Sir, and said there was no answer. [Exit.

Fancourt. Such abominable cant! (*untying the up parcel*) I am as tired of it as I used to be of my Grandmother's spelling through Hannah Glasse's *Art of Cookery*, and I believe in my conscience—the devil! here is gold!

Mrs. Fancourt. Gold!

Fancourt. Keep off—you are too good, too pure, to want such vile trash. Twenty guineas by Jupiter—ah, ah! (*shaking the purse.*)

Mrs. Fancourt. Here is a note dropt (*takes it up and reads*) "Accept this purse, Sir, from one "who is sorry to see such merit in confined "circumstances, and who was charmed with "your delicate manner of revealing it.

Fancourt. Who is it signed by?

Mrs.

A COMEDY.

Mrs. Fancourt. Robert Floyer.

Fancourt. Ay, Sir Robert Floyer, a fine old Welchman, who got himself made Sheriff, then a Knight—those two dignities generally follow, like the Old Bailey and a whipping. I made the old blockhead believe that I was deeply versed in Welch antiquities—that Snowden was once a burning mountain, and that the *Ap Morgans* and *Ap Shoneses* were lineally descended from King Priam. You see I know how to turn my wits to account—I can make money, though I can't make shoes.

Mrs. Fancourt. Yes, and you see there is generosity where there is no poverty; and that but for the beneficence of a man of fortune, a rich man, your children to-day wou'd have wanted a dinner.

Fancourt. Psha! what merit is there in the generosity of a rich man! a fellow who takes out a handful of guineas from his store as you would dip a bucket into a well? give me the virtue of the poor man who divides his last shilling—his last two-pence with his friend; who takes his pint of porter from his thirsty lips, and shares it with his poorer neighbour.

Mrs. Fancourt. Ah, here is your poor sister—I will go and receive her—you can now assist her distresses—what pleasure it will give you!

Fancourt. None of your documents—if she is in distress, let her pawn her superfluities, as other poor people do. (*going out.*) There is some difference between sharing one's last two-pence with a friend, and one's last twenty guineas.

[*Exit.*

[*Mrs. Fancourt goes out on the opposite side, with an air of abhorrence.*

SCENE II.—*A Square.*

Enter HUMPHREY (searching his pockets).

Humphrey. Rot et, here be three caerds or noates, or what the devil they be, left after all. Dang et, I have delivered seventeen—all the way from Manchester-square to Petty France; from there to Bishopsgate-street after sweetmeats for Miss, and then to the Hay-market about the pianny forty. Hang me if I doant make dead men of these (*tearing the notes*); dead men tell no tales. The people they were for, will never know their losfs. I can say I found nobody at hoam; ha, ha, ha! that was amoast the first word I larn'd, when I come to Lunnun—"Not at hoam, Sir." Dad! the gentry here have the cheapest way of entertaining their friends; it doesn't cost above a dozen or two lies a day to keep acquaintance with great quality. Hey! did you speak to me, Sir?

BUCKRAM enters.

Buckram. Yes, my lad—Pray which is Sir Robert Floyer's?

Humphrey. Which is—(*bursting into a laugh*) What, don't you know Sir Robert's? Why, Sir Robert is as well known in Wales as the Monument in Lunnun, or my Lord Mayor in his gilt coach.

Buckram. Very likely: But which is his house in this street?

Humphrey. Why this house to be sure (*takes off his bat*). Why I live we'en. Pray, Sir, what may be your business we'en?

Buckram. I am the young lady's staymaker.

Humphrey. Staymaker! (*puts on his bat*) why, I took you for a curnel, or a coptain, or a great knight belonging to a prince, or some'at of that sort. Why, your coate is amoast the colour of scarlet. Aye, I know why that be—you think to pass for one of those brave fellows who go over sea to fight for their country, and, i'faith, its pity but you shou'd!

Buckram. Prithee let your young lady know that I am here. I am recommended by Lady Horatia Horton; I work for all the ladies of fine taste in town.

Humphrey. Fine taste! Dad! we cut this morning for breakfast the finest pork griskin I ever tasted in my life. Come with me down the eary steps, and I'll give ye a bit with fresh mustard that shall put your taste in tune for the whole day. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE—*An elegant Apartment (within).*

Enter Sir ROBERT, followed by a Servant.

Sir Robert (looking out). Humphrey! Humphrey! Where can this loitering rascal stay? So you found Mr. Fancourt's house?

Servant. Yes, Sir; in one of the retired streets near Bloomsbury?

Sir Robert. Well, I am glad I sent him those few guineas. Fancourt seems to be a lad of merit; and when he opened his distresses to me,

he did it in such a delicate, modest way! He is an excellent companion, and he has a pretty taste for antiquities—I like antiquities.

Servant. So I guefs'd, Sir, by the vast quantity of old worm-eaten furniture you have at home, which you never make any use of, but to shew to strangers. All from the old castles belonging to your forefathers, Sir, I take it?

Sir Robert. Yes, all from my forefathers castles. Hum (*aside*). My grandfather was the first man of his family who ever went to bed, or got up his own master.

Servant. Two or three rooms of precious rotten furniture, Sir, give people a notion of the antiquity of your family (*archly*).

Sir Robert (aside). I believe the dog has found me out—it was for that very reason I bought it. You may remember, David, the year that I was sheriff—I say that year in which I was high sheriff for the county.—Ho—here comes Humphrey.

Enter HUMPHREY.

Where have you been, you loitering, west-country booby, these three hours?

Humphrey. Three hours! Why, Sir, 'tis my belief you wou'd have loitered six hours, if you had seen what I have seen, and heard what I have heard.

Sir Robert. What hast thou seen and heard?

Humphrey. Why, in my way to Bishopsgate-street, I saw folks go into that old fashioned house, where Gog and and Magog stand up to guard the mince-pies, whilst the Lord Mayor dines.

Sir

Sir Robert. Guildhall.

Humphrey. Yes, Giltball—it is all over gilt and finery. So I follow'd a gemman into a great chamber, and there—O, my eyes! there I saw beautiful angels coming down through the clouds, on purpose to hold up the glaſs candleſticks, thus (*ſtretching out his arm*).

Sir Robert (*ſeriously*). Gad! I ſhou'd like to ſee them.

Humphrey. And the gemmen were debating. Yes—O! my ears! I heard a city debate, and they called one another Mr. Deputy—and one of them, with a fine red double chin, got up and ſaid, “ I am ſorry to differ from Mr. Deputy (*ſpeaking gruffly*) ; but I contend that “ theſe innovations bode no good to our con- “ ſtitutions. The hour for dining, ſince my “ time, was two; it has been three, four, and “ ſix; and I ſuſpect ſhortly it may be eight— “ hum! I move, therefore, that a petition be “ preſented to the Lord Mayor—hum— “ hum—”

On which a little ſquinting gentleman roſe, and ſaid (*in a ſhrill quick voice*), “ I ſupport “ the worthy Deputy who ſpoke laſt. Theſe “ late hours are ruinous to the body cor- “ porate. On Lord Mayor's Day we dined ſo “ late, that when I went afterwards to Fiſh- “ monger's-hall to ſupper, the turbotſ were “ gone, nay, the ſecond courſe was demolish'd, “ the ſweetmeats were pocketed, and nothing “ remained but cheeſe and pickles.”

Sir Robert. You are a pickle! Get out—here is a great lady coming—get out of her way—go!

[*Exit. Humphrey.*

Enter

Enter Lady CHARLOTTE.

What, Madam, is your Ladyship going? Has not my daughter had the honour to see you, Lady Charlotte?

Lady Charlotte. Yes; and I have left her with a person of much greater consequence—she is in deep consultation with her milliner. To a girl of eighteen, Sir Robert, a milliner is of as much importance as an aid-du-camp to a general. I knew my distance when she entered, and immediately took leave—Pray, Sir, order my chair (*to the first servant, who goes off*).

Sir Robert. Madam, forgive me, if, before you go, I just *plump* one question. What do you think of Mr. Conway?

Lady Charlotte. Ha, ha, ha! Think of Mr. Conway? That he has all the advantages which belong to fashion, without its vices. He has certainly some vanity, but more good sense. His friends are well chosen; he admires beauty; he loves goodness; and there is a young lady—(*archly*) Adieu, Sir Robert! Your anxiety about Mr. Conway I perfectly understand, and I hope you are satisfied. [*Exit.*]

Sir Robert (bowing repeatedly). What a thing it is to have a lady of quality so familiar with one!

GEORGINA *enters hastily, followed by* JENNY.

Well, Georgina, what now? What now?

Georgina. O, papa! look at this cap—did you ever see so bewitching a thing?

Sir Robert. Pho! you little fool!

Georgina.

Georgina. Look at this bow—look at the tip of this scarlet feather! Here, Jenny, put it away, with great care.

Jenny. Care, indeed (*aside*); it is pity my talents have not better employment than taking care of feathers, and wiping band-boxes. [*Exit.*]

Georgina. Good bye, papa; I am going to Lady Horatia Horton's. I do love to go there. And what do you think I long to be? I long to be a sculptor!

Sir Robert. I don't understand ye.

Georgina. O! Lady Horatia does look so charmingly whilst at her labours; her sweet white hands appear like the very marble she is at work upon.

Sir Robert. Did I hear right? At work upon marble?

Georgina. Bless me! Why did I never tell you before that she is a sculptor? She has a large room full of fine things of her own work. O dear! I wish she wou'd teach me her art; I could spend my life amidst fine statues. But pray, papa, when am I to be presented! I am not in town till I am presented.

Sir Robert. Not in town!

Georgina. Nay, indeed, its true; Lady Charlotte told me so. I can't go any where in public, nor be spoken to by a single creature, till I have been presented: I am not come out till then.

Sir Robert. Not come out! Bless me, Georgina, my dear, why then Saint James's has its slang as well as Saint Giles's.

Georgina. Yes, to be sure it has; and we must make haste and get the slang, or they will find

find us out to be mere bumpkins. When shall I be presented?

Sir Robert. Have patience. I am come to town about a little business of that sort myself. Perhaps we shall be presented together.

Georgina. How, ha, ha, ha! presented together! Was ever such a thing heard of? Miss and her papa presented together! Then did you never come out till now, papa?

Sir Robert. Pshaw! mine is quite a different business. If I am put into a great office, I must be presented in course.

Georgina. Why, what are you going to be?

Sir Robert. That I cannot tell.

Georgina. If they give you your choice, pray be a duke. O! how I shou'd doat on your being a duke!

Sir Robert. Why?

Georgina. Then I shou'd be a lady—Lady Georgina—delightful! Lady Georgina's name should fly about the town as though it were made with wings to it.

Sir Robert. Nonsense! You a duke's daughter, indeed! A pretty figure you'd make as a duke's daughter!

Georgina. Figure! Where the difficulty? I can do it exactly—you shall see now—When I was last at Lady Horatia Horton's, a countess from the Opera came in, thus (*striding across, and sitting down abruptly*)—Bless me, Lady Horatia, how cou'd you be at home to-night? I gallopp'd sixty miles to-day, have kill'd one coach-horse, and spoiled another, merely to hear the Banti—O! the Banti!

Sir Robert. The bantling! why, whose bantling was it!

Georgina,

Georgina. O! her upper tones!—and, O! her under tones! whilst she was flying from B to C, hanging upon G, running into cantabile from E, and sinking down by just gradations to D, the whole house were magnetized—I saw a general faint—a minister of state take out his smelling bottle, and a prince of the blood blew his nose.

Sir Robert. Blew his nose! very affecting indeed! and countesses are charming creatures. But, dear Georgina, the warmth of thy imagination would disturb my peace, did not thy extreme giddiness prevent its fastening on any one object for more than ten minutes together. Hah! take care of thyself, my dear Georgina, thou art treading upon men-traps and spring-guns. Thy paths, though seemingly covered with flowers, are full of thorns, prickles, and adders.

Georgina. Thorns, prickles, and adders! law, Papa, why people never seem to feel them, and I dare say I shall dance over them as lightly as my neighbours. [Exit.

Sir Robert. Yes, DISSIPATION! *thou* art the enemy of female honour. It is on thy accursed altar that the peace of the wife, the repose of the husband, and the welfare of whole families, are continually offer'd up. O! shield my child. (*lifting up his eyes and hands*) from the corruption of DISSIPATION! [Exit.

SCENE—ASGILL's Lodgings.

CONWAY enters, preceded by a Servant.

Servant. My master is engaged, Sir, but I will acquaint him that you are here. [Exit.

FANCOURT

FANCOURT *runs in.*

Fancourt. Hah, Conway, I saw you come in, so I follow'd you up—I know you are *at home* in Afgill's lodgings.

Conway. Are you acquainted with Mr. Afgill.

Fancourt. No; notwithstanding he keeps good company, and is nephew to a rich old Sir Simon in the City, who between loans and lumber, makes money faster than he tells lies! but there are an odd sort of three corner'd mortals one can never *close* with—they present a point at every turn; you may as easily come into contact with a porcupine. I know all the people in town except himself, and I came in on purpose to ask you to make us intimate.

Conway. That will be impossible. Pray Fancourt, how do you get acquainted with every body, for—let me say it in a whisper—your reputation is not of the very first water. (*not whispering.*)

Fancourt. Pho! what men are *diamonds* in the way of reputation? French paste does as well, and one is not so much afraid to damage it. If I were such a fellow as you, with a character of the true water, I should be in eternal anxiety—never dare to turn to the right or the left—fearful of a speck here, of a flaw there; as it is, I brush on through the world—my French paste makes a shew, and if I lose it—why I lose a thing of no value.

Conway. Amazing!

Fancourt. Hang me if I would be troubled with a first rate character, any more than with a first rate beauty—it would only create

create envy, and my friends would never rest 'till they had robb'd me of it.

Conway. O! that talents should be thus enlisted in the service of vice.

Fancourt. That I swear you learnt from our old one-eyed Proctor of Brazen Nose—I remember the very words; I have heard them fifty times whilst I stood on his blind side. O! that a man should thus live on the scraps of others all his life, and never *dare* coin a principle for himself! So, you won't introduce me to Asgill? (*Conway shakes his head*) very well—very well—I'll introduce myself to an Archbishop before I am a week older, and get myself made a Prebend in revenge.

[*Exit.*

Enter ASGILL.

Conway. Asgill, I am come to disengage myself from the hunt; I cannot be with you to-morrow.

Asgill. Very well—I shall not enquire your reasons; nor shall I pretend to guess that there is a little Welch Diana in the way of the hunt—you have not seen her I dare swear.

Conway. Be not so daring—I *have* seen her; but I have only seen her. She is as wild as one of the kids on her father's mountains.

Asgill. Where have you met with her?

Conway. At Lady Horatio Horton's; but her volatility is so great, that it wou'd be as easy to catch quicksilver.

Asgill. I cannot say I think so—she does not want life; but it is the sweet pensiveness of her character that charms me—a thousand graces
hang

hang about pensiveness which mere animal spirits destroy.

Conway. I have not seen her in that humour.

Asgill. And then her fine taste.

Conway. Her taste is as fine as other people's I dare swear; but she will bear a little polish.

Asgill. She bear polish—ha, ha, ha! where will you find such a mind, such an understanding?

Conway. I have no doubt of its native excellence, and I hope to have the pleasure of improving it.

Asgill. You! what do you mean, Sir? of whom are you speaking?

Conway. Of whom do you speak?

Asgill. Of Lady Horatia Horton—did you not name her?

Conway. Ha, ha, ha! so this is confidence by chance! dear Asgill, I have blundered on your secret very undesignedly—I was speaking of the daughter of Sir Robert Floyer.

Asgill. But you mentioned Lady Horatia; and the moment her idea is presented to me, every other is swallowed up. O! Conway, she engrosses my whole soul—to see her is bliss, and the sound of her voice is rapture.

Conway. Heyday!

Asgill. You *have* the secret by chance; but you are welcome to it, and I am prepared for all your jests on my passion for a woman who is devoted to sculpture.

Conway. Faith, I perceive no room for jests. I think it must be charming to see a fine woman sit with a chisel, and bring out of a block of marble, a form as graceful as her own; every feature glowing with animation beneath

her eye, and every stroke of the mallet warming the cold mass into mind and expression.

Asgill. (smiling and catching his hand). I thank you; but your eulogy is not compleat, for the purity of my Horatia chastises the art she loves. The subjects she selects, Delicacy itself would paint out: with an enchanting modesty she seeks for models only in the graces of her own sex, the daughters of Britain, and the matrons of Greece.

Conway. Very well: but you are a Son of Britain—does Lady Horatia—

Asgill. (eagerly). Yes—no—I can not tell. She treats me with rigour, yet I think her heart has passion. I sometimes fancy I see it shine like the sun in November—unwillingly, and by starts.

Conway. Why do you not lead to an explanation.

Asgill. I cannot; for she is rich, and I am as you know, dependent on the will of an Uncle.

Conway. He has the reputation of being a Cræsus.

Asgill. True; but a fortune, whose basis is commerce, may be doubled, or dissolved in a month.

Conway. Well. Pray for me, my dear Asgill, that I may catch my little Welch fawn; I have no prayers to make for you; for I perceive your's is one of those sober passions, that, end as it may, your mind will keep its equilibrium. O! how delightful it must be to love with so much good sense.

[*Exit. laughing.*]

Asgill. O! how he mistakes! it is in souls like mine that love rages with all his fury.

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The gay, the volatile, can scarcely *maintain* a passion; but in the serious and reflective mind, love raises a despotic throne, and, like the burning sun of Africa, he pours his chiefest ardors upon slaves.

Enter PERKINS.

Perkins! how now! your looks alarm me. What news from the City?

Perkins. O! Sir!

Asgill. My good friend, speak. You very much distress me. Something is amiss.

Perkins. Would I could say your fears were unfounded. Something is amiss——your Uncle——

Asgill. Nay, speak at once! I can bear any thing rather than suspense.

Perkins. Then summon all your fortitude! your Uncle, the good Sir Simon, has sent me to tell you that—he—is—undone.

Asgill. Oh! (*pressing his forehead with his hand*) undone! did you say so, Perkins? did you?

Perkins. The misfortunes which have shaken the trade of Europe have at last reached him. He who lately ranked on Change a two hundred thousand pound man, may not, when his creditors are satisfied, be able to command one thousand pound.

Asgill. (*after a distressful silence*). Your news is heavy, very heavy! leave me, dear Perkins! I want to ruminate on my misfortunes alone.

[*Exit. Perkins.*
(*Throws himself into a chair*). My worthy, my unhappy Uncle! the tide of affliction must roll heavy

heavy on him. (*Arises after a pause*). It is determined—I see Lady Horatia no more. No—never more—(*sighing deeply*) never shall her delicacy be insulted by seeing a beggar court her to his arms. (*Walks backwards and forwards*). But what can I do? bred to no profession, knowing nothing; ignorant of every art by which independence, or even *bread* may be obtained; I am thrown a vagabond upon the world. O! my too indulgent Uncle, when you sent me to Cambridge, had you placed me, rather, in a counting-house, I might now have been in a situation to have soften'd all your afflictions—instead of which—O, horror! my soul sickens—my head is dizzy—I sink to death.
[*Goes off reeling.*]

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

A C T II.

SCENE I.—*A Lodging House.*

TIPPY *walks hastily across the stage, and almost goes off*—Mrs. BULLRUSH *follows him.*

Mrs. Bullrush (*bawling*) Nay, Mr. Tippy—stay, Sir, you shall hear—you shall hear me. (*Groans and puts a handkerchief to her mouth.*)

Tippy (*turning*). Shall hear;—why how the devil can I avoid it? a pound of cotton stuff'd into my ears would not keep out the sound—I wonder you can open your mouth so wide, with such a pain in it.

Mrs. Bullrush. Aye—between my tooth-ache and you, I am almost mad. Sir, I tell you plainly I do not like your goings on, and I desire you to quit my lodgings.

Tippy (*chucking her chin*). Not for the world; for then I must quit *you*, my dear, good humour'd, quiet Mrs. Bullrush.

Mrs. Bullrush. None of your jeers. I don't like the sort of company you keep (*groaning*).

Tippy. That's odd; for my friends are of all sorts and complexions.

Mrs. Bullrush. And of all characters too, I believe. They seem most of them to be men who live by their wits.

Tippy. Yes;—I like to have my wits about me.

Mrs. Bullrush. And, Sir, you have been in my lodgings fourteen weeks, and I have never yet seen the colour of your money.

Tippy.

Tippy. No!—that's a reproach I am ashamed of—you shall make it no more (*takes out a purse, and pours gold into his hand*). There—bright yellow gold as ever came from the mint—does not the colour charm ye (*she attempts to snatch it*). Good morning! [*Exit.*]

Mrs. Bullrush. Nay, this is too bad—stop—stop! [*Runs after him with her handkerchief up.*]

SCENE II.—*St. James's Street.—the Palace, Fruit Shop, &c.*

FANCOURT is discovered in the fruit-shop, talking to the mistress, and eating fruit. He looks through the window.

Fancourt. The sun always brings out butterflies—a fine shew of women to-day. (*Tippy walks across*). Tippy—Tippy—hey!

Tippy. Who is so familiar with my name? (*looking round*). Hah! Fancourt—I have not seen you these six months—are you engaged there?

Fancourt. No—I'll come to you.

Tippy. The fellow looks as well as ever; I wonder what he's upon now (*Fancourt comes from the shop*). Well, my boy—how goes the world?

Fancourt. How goes the world—round, I suppose; for its inhabitants seem all giddy—where have you been since we parted at Bath?

Tippy. Bath? that was a twelvemonth since. I have been in a thousand shapes, and a thousand places since then. The last was Italy.

Fancourt. Italy! how the devil could you get there? was you bear driver? I mean did you hold the leading strings of some pretty Master, running the tour?

Tippy. How I got there you may know hereafter; but there I have been. Zounds, man, I learnt to be a critic there—I talk of statues and intaglios—of busts and medallions—I find fault where ever I go—my judgment is asked—my satire is feared—I am *courted* and *kated*—O! its a glorious thing to be a critic.

Fancourt. Why you don't pretend that you are really a connoisseur?

Tippy. I pretend to any thing that will either get me into a dining parlour, or a wine cellar. I pronounce on Paintings and Tokay—on Statues and Old Hock; I know exactly the grapes from which the one was pressed, and the age in which the other was chissell'd—psha! man, there requires little to be a connoisseur, but impudence.

Fancourt. Well—but how do you live—plainly—how do you eat?

Tippy. For the last three months I have eat on the strong likeness I bear to Lord Beechgrove.

Fancourt. The resemblance is astonishing—they call you his polygraph.

Tippy. You are mistaken. They call his Lordship *my* polygraph.

Fancourt. I stand corrected. But how have you lived on this resemblance, has he taken you up for the sake of the likeness?

Tippy. Taken me up! you are curst unlucky in your phrases to-day. No, no—he has been useful to me without his knowledge: for instance, I pass'd one night through Portland Place, and saw a great rout. I dash'd into the hall, cursing the crowd of carriages which prevented *my chariot* from coming up. The porter instantly knew me; gave my name—and LORD

BEECH,

BEECHGROVE resounded all the way up the stairs. The lady of the house received me; placed me immediately at a Loo table, and in two hours I brought off two hundred guineas.

Fancourt. Lucky rascal!

Tippy. I lately walk'd down to Barnet; took a chaise and four, and bade them whisk me to the Royal Hotel, Pall-Mall. Away we flash'd; roads all mud—horses plunging—post-boys cutting; measured Finchley Common in seventeen minutes, ten seconds. Rode over a smoaking Common Councilman at the Adam and Eve—run in at Tottenham Court Road, and came neatly up (*making postillion-like motions*).

Fancourt. Ha, ha, ha!

Tippy. The waiters recognized my Lordship, gave me the best apartments, the very rooms the Turkish Ambassador had, and there I lived in first style; no epicure—never chose more than five things at table; drank Champagne: in ten days took my leave to visit my Cumberland estate, and ordered the bill to be ready against my return.

Fancourt. Gad, I advise you to take his Lordship up, and swear that he's an impostor—you may then enjoy his Cumberland estate.

Tippy. I have taken a fancy to an estate in another county; a better scheme, my boy! (*slapping him on the shoulder*). A plan which sometimes forces me to take shelter, like Hercules, under the disguise of a petticoat. Yes, like him, I exchange my club for a distaff, or like Achilles, transform my furtout to a gauze robe, and my waistcoat to a lace tucker.

Fancourt. Hah—high examples! Come, tell me—No, defer! defer! here comes a lovely

Welch girl, whose father I sometimes do the honour to call upon,

GEORGINA *enters from Pall-mall, followed by*
HUMPHREY.

Georgina. O! dear Mr. Fancourt, how do you do? Nay, do not stop me. I hate to stand in the street, people stare at one so.

Fancourt. For that very reason you do *not* hate to stand in the street. What is beauty good for, if it is not to be looked at?

Tippy (aside). Oh, ho—now I find where—about you are. I know more of this family than you guess at, mon ami.

Humphrey. Whilst these gentlemen are talking to Miss, I'll step in here for a hap'eth of apples. (*goes into the fruit-shop.*)

Fancourt. How came you here without your carriage?

Georgina. It is so charming a morning that I bid it follow me from Pall-mall, where I have been shopping. Nay, I beg you let me pass. Bless me! where is my servant? (*looking round*) I am going to Lady Horatia Horton's on the most particular business in the world. (*Humphrey bursts out of the shop*),

Humphrey. O! such extortioning! such cheatery!—I never heard the like—I wonder they are not afraid to stand in their shoes.

Georgina. What is the matter, Humphrey?

Humphrey. Miss, as I hope to be—I did but just pop into my mouth a little bit of a peach—'twere no bigger than a walnut—it went down at a gulp like a pill—and they have made me pay a shilling for it.

Georgina.

Georgina. Why, how could you think of going into such a shop?

Humphrey. Such a shop! why not? A shop's a shop, if honest people did but keep it, and as free for me as another.

Georgina. Follow me—I am ashamed of the noise you make. [Exit.]

Humphrey. A shilling! Upon my say—so if—aye, I'll mark you, never fear. (*following*).

Tippy. She's a lovely girl! an heiress? I'll pretend ignorance for the present (*aside*).

Fancourt. She is—we'll speak of that hereafter. Her father is coming towards us from the Park. Now her father is a rich old fool, and we are two wits. Folly has been the natural food of wit, since the sun first threw his burning glance upon mankind.

Tippy. I understand ye—But I'll lend no assistance unless we *halve it*—remember that—halves or nothing.

Fancourt. Why, to be sure.

Tippy. Are you upon honour?

Fancourt. To the last breath—The old fool—hang it—he is no fool neither. In ten words, for here he comes, he was of use on a late election, and the *parliament-man* (*sneering*) advised him to come up to town to receive acknowledgments from the minister. He was afraid to leave his daughter behind, so *wisely* brought her up.

Enter Sir ROBERT FLOYER.

(*Running towards him.*) My dear, Sir, how I rejoice to see you! I call'd at your house to return thanks for the great—

Sir

Sir Robert. O! not a word, not a word, Mr. Fancourt. Silence will oblige me——

Fancourt. Permit me, Sir Robert, to make you known to my Lord Beechgrove.

Sir Robert. Lord Beechgrove (*whispering*); Is he not a near relation of the Duke of——

Fancourt. First cousin, and his most particular adviser.

Sir Robert. My Lord, I am your Lordship's very obedient, very humble servant.

Tippy. Sir Robert, I am rejoiced to see you. We have long look'd for you in town. I have heard you much spoken of at a certain table. We know our *friends*, Sir Robert. Pray, Mr. Fancourt, bring Sir Robert to dine with me. I am sorry to leave you, but it is a cabinet morning, and the concerns of Europe, you know, must not be neglected. Adieu! [*Exit.*]

Sir Robert. That's right—never neglect business. O! I wish all the peers were like this peerless peer. Ay, there he goes into the Palace, I see. Mr. Fancourt, I am prodigiously obliged to you for making me known to his lordship. Is he a man of large fortune?

Fancourt. Yes; but a little out at present. It is amazing what vast sums he has expended for the public. He was just asking me if I knew any honest man who could lend him a thousand pounds. He could have ten times that of the Jews—But he hates the Jews—O! he has never any dealings with the Jews.

Sir Robert. Perfectly right.

Fancourt. O! I always say, my lord, whatever you do, borrow money of the Christians—always borrow of the Christians. He only wants it for a month, just till quarter-day.

Sir Robert, its an opportunity now—he has amazing interest—a single sentence, whilst he is swallowing a glass of Burgundy, would do your business.

Sir Robert. Indeed! Whilst he is swallowing a glass of Burgundy?

Fancourt. I'll shew you now. This is my glass (*holding up his glove, formed like a glass*). you shall be the great man; we'll suppose his name to be SNAPPER, and I am Lord Beechgrove. Come, SNAPPER, "here's to the girl we love!" (*sips*) I say, SNAPPER, we must do something for that Welch knight; he who was sheriff there t'other day——

Sir Robert (interrupting). High sheriff for the county.

Fancourt. Pardon me! High sheriff for the county (*sips*). He is the saddest old rascal (*Sir Robert stares*); he (*sips*) is the greatest enemy we have in the principality.

Sir Robert (in a passion). Why, Sir, what do you mean? They never had such a friend; I spent more money to favour the cause than I care to own. I was for ever on horseback; there was not a cottager who could influence the sixteenth cousin of a voter, whom I did not entertain; and the fact is, it was solely owing to me——

Fancourt. What, do you take me to be such a ninny as to plead your *services*. You are a mere chicken! Listen. I say, SNAPPER, we must have him on our side (*sips*). The old scoundrel killed his set of coach greys, and fifteen nags in riding about the country to oppose us (*sips*). He is a great fool, but he is related to all the *ap Morgans*, and the *ap Shoneses* in three counties,

ties. In short, we must have him—so here goes—
 “the girl we love!” Thus, *I* swallow the girl,
he swallows the hint, and the business is done.
 Will you lend me the thousand pounds?

Sir Robert. I will—I understand; this is what
 you call kicking a man up stairs.

Fancourt. Only for a month.

Sir Robert. Nay, if it is for six weeks. I
 shall not stand upon a fortnight.

Fancourt. Thus it is to deal with men of
 generosity.

Sir Robert. Call upon me after dinner. I am
 hurried just now; our member lives in the
 next street, and I am going to him; but I'll
 write a draft on my banker for the thousand
 pounds against you call. O! I like to oblige
 a lord. [Exit.

Fancourt. Well, now to him who is rich in
 expedients, of what consequence is being pen-
 niless? Let gross, plodding spirits dig and
 labour; it is ours to gather the fruit. [Exit.

SCENE—*Lady HORATIA'S Drawing-room.*

*Enter HUMPHREY, with Georgina's dress hang-
 ing on his arm; Maid meets him.*

Humphrey. Here, I have brought this odd
 garment for Miss. What is she going to do
 with it?

Maid. I can't tell.

Humphrey. Could a body see that fine place
 they talk about, where Madam makes men
 and women all in marble.

Maid. Perhaps you may get a peep at it.
 There is company there at present. It is
 called a school.

Hum-

Humphrey. School! Zooks, I am glad to hear great folks go to school. Some of them, mayhap, may larn better manners. [*Exit.*]

SCENE—*A large, elegant Apartment, with various Pieces of Sculpture, Statues, Urns, &c.*

Lady CHARLOTTE walks down from the top, viewing the statues.

Lady Charlotte. This is, indeed, a school! Here are copies of all that is valuable in the art she loves. Ah, the lovely artist herself.

Enter Lady HORATIA.

Lady Horatia. Dear Lady Charlotte, I rejoice to see you. They did not tell me you were here.

Charlotte. I have been here a long while; delighting myself with your charming works. But how full of labour is the amusement you have chosen?

Lady Horatia. I do not find it so.

Lady Charlotte. So different from fashionable life.

Lady Horatia. O! the labour of a fashionable life wou'd kill me; I should sink under it. Chipping marble is playing with feathers compared to that.

Lady Charlotte. How so?

Lady Horatia. The discipline of a life in fashion is by no means of the mildest sort (*smiling*). Consider, for instance, the necessary vigils and abstinence of a gamester. It is expedient

dient that she works hard and lives sparingly; for if she does not keep her spirits perfectly cool, instead of cheating her friend, her friend may cheat her*. My labours are less and more innocent than hers.

Lady Charlotte. O! I perceive you will be able to defend yourself.

Lady Horatia. In the next place reflect on the toils of a *determined* beauty. Whether she wakes or sleeps; whatever she does, wherever she goes, it is all with relation to the one great object which engrosses her meditations. After hours wasted, murder'd, in the *hard work* of the toilette, away she springs! Her wheels thunder rapidly through the streets—she flies from assembly, to assembly. Does the music of the concert fascinate her? No. Does polish'd conversation interest her? No. Some other beauty has been the belle of the evening; her heart has been torn with envy; she returns home; drags off her ornaments in disgust, and throws herself on a sleepless bed in anguish. Are *my* labours less pardonable than hers?

Lady Charlotte. You will be too hard for me in argument, so I drop your statues, to talk of yourself. Something, I see, is wrong. What is it? (*tenderly*) Come, be explicit—You will not speak! In plain language, when did you see Mr. Apgill?

Lady Horatia. Not this week—no—not for a whole week! I will conceal nothing from you. I find now that my tenderness more than equals his. I have no joy left—the chissel

* This reflection is copied, pretty nearly, from the elegant Doctor Horne.

drops from my hand, the marble block is no longer moulded into flesh, my taste has no employment, and my heart is breaking.

Lady Charlotte. How do you account for his absence?

Lady Horatia. Tired with my haughty coldness, he has forsaken me, I die with jealousy and self-reproach. He has found an object more amiable and more tender. I knew he loved me, and I gloried in my conquest.—

“ Yet still I tried each fickle art

“ Importunate, and vain,

“ And whilst his passion touch'd my heart,

“ I triumph'd in his pain.”

O, Asgill! thou art revenged!

Lady Charlotte. What hearts we possess! Always too cold, or too feeling. My dear Horatia, stonify your's a little. As you give spirit to marble, transfuse the marble to your heart. See, here is your little Welch friend.

Enter GEORGINA.

Georgina. O! Lady Horatia! I am so rejoiced! Bless me! you are weeping—what has happened?

Lady Charlotte. A favourite goldfinch has happened to die, my dear.

Georgina. And last night I lost a Canary bird. I am sure I cried for half an hour. Give me your goldfinch, and we will bury them together. O, dear! and you shall copy them in marble; that will be a sweet task for you. (*Lady H. takes her hand, and smiles*). You know what I have hurried here for?

Lady

Lady Horatia. No.

Georgina. No! Why did not you tell me you wanted to give my form to the statue of Andromache—Andromache mourning for her husband; that you have just begun to chip out there, you know. (*pointing to a block of marble*).

Lady Horatia. I did so; but I am out of spirits to-day.

Georgina. O! I will not be disappointed. Your favourite work will put you in spirits. I have brought a dress for the purpose; Humphrey, bring it in.

HUMPHREY enters with the dress, and shews marks of awkward wonder.

I shall be sadly mortified if you send me away.

Lady Charlotte. Come, sit down, Lady Horatia, it will amuse you.

Georgina. Yes, do; and 'tis very fortunate that I lost my Canary bird. I'll think of that, and then I shall look sad enough for Hector's widow.

Lady Horatia. Pho! you little chit! Well, stand on the pedestal, and lean on the broken column now, with proper pensiveness and grace.

(*Georgina runs up steps behind the pedestal*).

Georgina. Yes, I will be exactly the thing. (*tries to look very melancholy*). O! my poor Canary bird!

Lady Horatia. Ha, ha, ha! Come, let us place your drapery in statue like order. (*she and Lady Charlotte place the folds*). Now, keep steady, and think of your Canary bird.

Enter

Enter Servant.

Servant. Mr. Conway.

Lady Horatia. Who?

Servant. Mr. Conway.

Georgina (starting). Dear! Mr. Conway.

Servant. Some Gentlemen are with him, and they wish to see the school.

Lady Horatia. Dear Lady Charlotte, receive them, then—I cannot—I cannot indeed! [*Exit.*

Georgina (runs down). Gracious! now I think of it, I have a great mind to run up again; I will, I declare, and see what Mr. Conway says to me as a statue.

Lady Charlotte. A statue—why, surely, you do not expect to impose on him?

Georgina. O yes, I do—I am sure he will not find me out (*runs up*). Now, dear Lady Charlotte, just place my veil a little on this side. O! make haste—make haste—I hear them coming.

Lady Charlotte (placing the veil). I must gratify you. What a giddy thing you are!

Enter CONWAY, with TIPPY, and three Gentlemen.

Conway. Lady Charlotte, you have heard of Mr. Tippy?

Tippy. Ah, ah, what, this is the place! don't mind me, Ma'am; don't mind me, I am used to run about this town, and correct its follies; 'tis a damn'd good town, that is certain; one

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always

always finds subjects for ridicule! well, what the devil am I to see?

Conway. Look around. -

Tippy. I, just warm from the School of Florence; I who have trod the Roman Way; have seen the Baths of Trajan, and the Dog Kennels of Nero, I look at the works of an English artist. Ha, ha, ha! (*walking amidst the statues, and observing them thro' a glass*).

Conway. Heavens! it is—it is she! ah! how well do you represent yourself: for you are yourself all marble; at least your heart is so. Yes, flinty-hearted charmer! you are ever cold and insensate. O! I could stand and gaze my life away, like Pygmalion, had I, like him, the power to warm my statue into love! what, will you not bless me with one glance. Ah, you act your part too well.

Tippy. Here is an arm; faith, it would make a very good leg; and this fine Grecian lady is like a Kentish hop-picker!

Conway. Critic! come hither; come this way; here is a new subject—has not *this* the true Grecian character?

Tippy. What is this? is this Lady Horatia's chisel? (*looking thro' his glass*).

Conway. No—it is by a greater artist.

Tippy. An English one, I'll be sworn (*looking*) Grecian indeed! a mere block-chipper!

Conway. Is it ill proportioned?

Tippy. Pshaw! nonsense! talk of proportions to scale makers and carpenters; the thought is mechanical! a mere wax doll! where are the inflexions? a human figure made on this principle, could never move. Now I will convince you---

you—nothing like conviction; observe the muscle of this foot!

Georgina (sbricks). O! do not touch me (*leaps down*). There, Sir, you see I can move; and I can dance (*dancing round him*).

(*Tippy seats himself, in extreme confusion, on the pedestal*).

Lady Charlotte. What, Mr. Tippy! the breathing form of beauty a wax doll! the work of a block chipper! ha, ha, ha.

Gentleman. Why, Tippy, how is this? is it the First of April to-day?

Lady Charlotte. Accept my smelling bottle; you seem ready to sink.

Tippy. Whu! I am done up as a connoisseur. (*starts up, and runs out*).

Lady Charlotte. Mr. Tippy! Critic! Mr. Tippy! [*Exit. follow'd by all but Conway and Georgina*].

Conway. Ha, ha, ha! done up indeed; they pursue him as small birds do a hawk. Angel! (*turning to Georgina*).

Georgina. Why, you were the person whom I wanted to make a fool of—pray follow him.

Conway. How is it possible for me to quit the spot where you—

Georgina. I declare, Mr. Conway, I will not hear you; I have told you so twenty times. And as to your kneeling, one finds such things in novels; but no man who really loves, thinks of such fooleries.

Conway (rising). How do you know that?

Georgina. I am sure of it; there was a young man who came down to Glamorganshire from College, and almost broke his heart about me! and he never knelt once.

Conway (startled). O, roses and carnations! (*aside*) then—did—how—how, I say, were you sure that he loved you?

Georgina. How! O, I was sure of it.

Conway. Was he always telling you so?

Georgina. He never told me so once. He used to run away from me; and, at last, he had a fever, and in his ravings, he talk'd of no one but me.

Conway. Who told you so?

Georgina. His sister told me so!

Conway. And did you not pity him?

Georgina. Yes, I pitied him, because I could not love him.

Conway. O, that saves my life. (*aside*) And where is he now?

Georgina. I don't know; but I have heard he is recovered, and makes a very great figure somewhere. They always get over it.

Conway. But if you should not love me, I should die.

Georgina. Love! I wou'd not love for all the world. Miss Gwatkin was in love once, and she grew as pale as horse-radish. Foolish creature, if she had kept her colour, perhaps the Gentleman would have liked her.

Conway. O! let me teach you to love; I see you are yet as ignorant of it, as——

Georgina. As that fine Mr. Tippy was of sculpture, ha, ha! teach me to love; what, teach me to be wretched, to weep, to be sleepless, to lose my bloom. O! if I ever thought it possible that I could love you, I should hate you beyond all bearing—I would fly from you, and never see you more.

[*Runs off hastily.*

Conway.

Conway. She flies! O happy omen! let her but dread me, and I have advanced one step; if she fears to love me, the business is half completed. [*Going off with an air of triumph.*]

SCENE—*A Counting-House.*

Enter SIR SIMON and PERKINS.

Sir Simon. Has not my Nephew been here yet?

Perkins. He was here last night, Sir—I took care that he saw no one but me, and he went away in such distress, that my heart ach'd for him.

Sir Simon. Dear lad!

Perkins. Here he comes—here he comes—

Sir Simon. O! how shall I speak to him? I have given myself a task that I can hardly bear.

Enter ASGILL.

My dear boy!

Asgill. O! Sir, what shall I say to you—words cannot utter——

Sir Simon. Come, come, hope the best—perhaps matters may not turn out so badly.

Asgill. Yes, I will hope and pray for you. But in the mean time (*taking out a folded parchment*) my dear Sir, I am ashamed, I blush at such an offering. But it is my all——

Sir Simon. What, what is it you mean?

Asgill. You know I have by inheritance a little land; it is but one hundred pounds a year—O! that it were thousands. In this paper,

Sir, it is made over to you (*lays it at his feet*).
 And now (*Sir Simon looks astonished, takes up the
 paper, seems much moved, and turns his back*).
 O! my father! (*gushes into tears, and runs
 out*).

Sir Simon. O! stop, stop—my dear Sidney,
 stop!

Perkins. He has rushed into the street like a
 flash. Let him go, Sir. Such a moment as
 this does good to the heart of man. He will
 be better for this affliction as long as he lives.

Sir Simon. But does he not deserve all my
 love; all my anxiety; all my care?

Perkins. He does—he does——

Sir Simon. This Lady Horatia, whom I am
 told of, must be an angel if she deserves him.
 I wonder now, Perkins, what effect the news
 of his poverty will have upon her. I have a
 good mind to wait upon her myself, to see how
 she takes it.

Perkins. Will you, Sir?

Sir Simon. I have no great opinion of these
 fine ladies. *She* may be good for something;
 but in general, I believe, you may take them
 by the bushel; there is not much choice.

Perkins. Then will you go yourself, Sir
 Simon?

Sir Simon. Yes, I think I will go; and if I
 find her worthy my SIDNEY—O! but she can-
 not be worthy! birth, and beauty and riches
 are all fine things; but when put into the scale
 against such innate goodness; such an upright
 mind; such rectitude of character, it is weighing
 jewels against dross!

[*Exeunt.*]

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

ACT

A C T III.

SCENE I.—FANCOURT'S.

Enter FANCOURT, singing with a careless air, followed by Mrs. FANCOURT.

"To obey your will at any time,
"I am ready—I am ready to resign her."

Mrs. Fancourt. *Affected* pleasantry, Mr. Fancourt, is the poor refuge of an uneasy heart. The conversation which has passed in the next room with Mr. Tippy, I have heard; and I fear you have an action in contemplation which will hereafter give you remorse.

Fancourt. Remorse, ha, ha, ha!

Mrs. Fancourt. Pray do not think that every thing is to be carried off with a laugh.

Fancourt. Not carried off with a laugh! Let me tell you, my, dear, that as long as you can get the world to laugh *with* you, you may carry any point you please. Only make wickedness pleasant, and they'll heartily forgive you.

Mrs. Fancourt. But, Sir, *remorse of heart*--- Do you never feel that?

Fancourt. Oh, exceedingly. Yes, I feel remorse very much, when in any of my---little---odd---excentricities, which you, in your vulgar dialect, call *wickednesses*, I cannot get the laugh on my side.

Mrs. Fancourt. What, then, do the world really laugh at wickednesses?

Fancourt. O! yes, always, my dear, always--- when they do not suffer by it. A man will be

horridly mad if I cheat him of a thousand pounds; but if I swindle his neighbour out of it, he laughs, and says, "That Fancourt is a
" sad, wicked fellow, but he's clever; hang
" the dog, tho' he does deserve the gallows,
" I like him after all."

Mrs. Fancourt. Monstrous!

Fancourt. If one seduces any one's wife, the injured husband rages, but his friend simpers; and when he meets the aggressor he takes him under the arm, and says, "Come, tell us the story."

Mrs. Fancourt. O flagitious! Well, Sir, and a daughter?

Fancourt. A daughter! O! what—what you heard Tippy just now, did you? You heard what was said about Sir Robert Floyer's daughter?

Mrs. Fancourt. I did.

Fancourt. Well, then, my dear, keep silence; for if you do not, I will slit that pretty tongue of your's, and make it chatter double, like a starling's. [Exit.

Mrs. Fancourt. Oh, horrible! I cannot contain myself! Here is a plot laid for the bitter anguish of a father, for the ruin of a child! *(pausing)* I will—that dress—yes, that dress of the Savoyard—I still have it—and in that—

FANCOURT returns.

Fancourt. Hark ye, woman, lest you should mistake the good humour I have shewn, I tell you, that if you dare to utter---to *whisper* with the slightest breath, what your impertinent curiosity

riosity has put you in possession of, every misery that I can inflict awaits you! I have a dagger (*she starts*), not for your body, but for your mind. I have something that shall pierce your spirit, through, and through!

Mrs. Fancourt. I tremble at your threats—yet I cannot forbear to bid you remember, that the young woman, whose fortune and peace you design to ruin, is the daughter of the man who, touched by your distresses, sent you yesterday noble relief.

Fancourt. Yesterday is past, and a thousand to-morrows are to come; I must provide for them; my opportunities are few, and my wants are pressing! (*heavily and lowering*)

Mrs. Fancourt. Now, Mr. Fancourt, what say you—is POVERTY the nurse of virtue?

Fancourt. Woman! I cannot argue—Remember! [*Exit. with a stern air, and shaking his finger.*]

Mrs. Fancourt (after a pause). O! how has necessity hardened his heart! Yes, poverty, thou hast a thousand ills besides thy nakedness and want! But this young creature shall not be its victim. I must try to save her—I feel it a duty, and will not be deterr'd. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—*The Room of statues, at Lady HORATIA'S.*

Enter Sir SIMON ASGILL, followed by a servant.

Sir Simon. Yes, tell your lady, Sir Simon Asgill from the city (*walking a little way up, and looking about him*). Why, what an odd place this is!

is! Your servant, Madam (*bowing to the figure of a woman*). Why, you look as melancholy as the wife of a lame duck just waddled home from the Alley. O! here comes the lady herself.

Enter GEORGINA.

Lady Horatia Horton, I am your most obedient servant.

Georgina. Sir, I am—(*making a low curtesy*) I Lady Horatia—ha, ha, ha! (*tittering*) I wonder who he is.

Sir Simon. Madam, I wait on you on a melancholy occasion.

Georgina (aside). I'll keep it up. Then, Sir, I wish you had staid away. I hate melancholy. Sir, this is my birth-day. I am this day eighteen years of age, and I will not be made melancholy.

Sir Simon. Eighteen years; my nephew is ten years older. A happy age, Madam; the union of youth and manhood! Were I a lady I would never take a boy to guide me through life. Eight and twenty is *the* age, and that is the age of my nephew.

Georgina. Ha, ha, ha! And pray, Sir, ha, ha, ha! Now pray, Sir, who is your nephew?

Sir Simon (aside). How flippant she is! My nephew, Madam—Gad, I don't much like her (*aside*). My nephew is that unfortunate young man, who has been so long in love with you—Sidney Afgill.

Georgina (aside). So---I shall have some of Lady Horatia's secrets presently. How I will teize her about Sidney Afgill.

Sir Simon. I understand he has possessed your good opinion.

Georgina. Yes, I admire him exceedingly--- I never saw him in my life (*tittering*).

Sir Simon. Then, Madam, it must give you pain to know that he is undone. I am his uncle, on whom he depends; but the misfortunes of trade---In short, Madam, if you will be so generous on account of his great merit as to marry him, you will marry a beggar.

Georgina. I marry a beggar on account of his great merit---Law, Sir! ha, ha, ha!

Sir Simon. Consider, Madam, how he loves you.

Georgina. What signifies his love---a beggar! I am sure if my papa shou'd---O, dear! I forget---I am Lady Horatia (*aside*).

Sir Simon. I did not know you had a father.

Georgina. Yes, Sir, I have a father, and a dear father; and if I should---Pho! I blunder again (*aside*).

Sir Simon. Well, that's not to the point. You say, Madam, you will not marry my nephew, because he's a beggar. You will not marry Sidney Asgill, though he is dying for you.

Georgina. Certainly I will not. (*with a determined air*). I am safe in saying that, for I am sure Lady Horatia will not marry a beggar. (*aside*). I desire I may hear no more of your nephew, Sir; a frightful, ugly, disagreeable, odd tempered mortal! I can't abide him.

Sir Simon. Then, Madam, as it wou'd not be civil to correct you, I have a great mind to lay my stick about your ridiculous mummery here!

here! (*in a great passion*). You say you will not marry my Nephew?

Georgina. I do say I will not, Sir, (*in a pet*). I never will! The winter shall scorch first, and the summer freeze.

Sir Simon. Then by—you shall *not*, hang me if you do! I will look amongst the girls in the City. We have as much beauty, more money, and more goodness east of Temple Bar, than can be found in all the squares west of it. So, Madam, I leave you, I leave you to your follies (*pointing to the statuary*). Refuse my Nephew! I am glad of it; I am glad of it! he shall have a City girl! I have one in my eye, ten times as handsome as you are—old Simon says so!

[*Exit. with an air of spite.*]

Georgina. Then let him have a City girl, old Simon! ha, ha, ha! law, what a fury he went off in!

Enter LADY HORATIA.

O! Lady Horatia, I have been so diverted—ha, ha, ha!

Lady Horatia. What has so amused you, my dear?

Georgina. Yes, yes, I know all about Sidney Asgill—O! how fly you were, ha, ha, ha!

Lady Horatia. You amaze me; where is Sir Simon? (*looking round*).

Georgina. O! here has been the queerest old Cit! storming and raving because I would not marry his Nephew.

Lady Horatia. What can this mean?

Georgina. He took me for you; and he came to tell you that his Nephew was a beggar, and that

that he was dying for you, and I know not what stuff.

Lady Horatia. Is Mr. Afgill dying? (*greatly alarmed*)

Georgina. Do not look so frightened. For love of you—no otherwise dying; but he'll get over it; they always do.

Lady Horatia. And does he say Sidney is a beggar?

Georgina. O! yes, he repeated that, as though it was a recommendation. You cannot think what a passion he went away in; for I vowed nothing on earth shou'd make me marry a beggar; and he took me all the while for you, ha, ha, ha! (*going, and returning*). O! I had forgot; the best of all is, he swears his Nephew shall marry a City beauty, with a great, large, clumsy City fortune.

Lady Horatia. Marry! marry!

Georgina. I shou'd like to see the bride. He declares she is twenty times as handsome as I am.—I mean, as you are.

Lady Horatia. O! you know not what you have done! (*going, and returning*). And she is very handsome? cruel Georgina! and I shall appear to Sidney Afgill, mean, fordid, detestable! he is in poverty, and will think that I despise him! he—you have undone me! and beautiful too—beautiful and rich—O! I am lost!

[*Exit. in extreme distress.*]

Georgina. Why, what can the matter be? I certainly have done something wrong. But to be sure she will not marry a beggar; and yet I don't know—perhaps she may; one hears for ever of the whims of fine ladies, who sit and contrive what odd thing they shall do, to surprise the town with next.

[*Exit.*]
SCENE

SCENE III.—*A Drawing Room at Sir Robert's.**A noise without, of scolding.**Enter JENNY, followed by HUMPHREY.*

Jenny. Such an impudent, insolent clown as you are; you to pretend for to talk; you! one who never learnt his horn-book.

Humphrey. Better never larn a horn-book, than such books as you have learnt to read, you trumpery! I tell you, I doant like your goings on, and I'll tell master. You are always filling Miss's head with stuff; and I doant like many things as I do see.

Jenny. You see! you don't know what you see.

Humphrey. Doant I? yes, I do, and what I hear too. I yeard a fine tale of you in Wales—yes, yes, it is not for nothing that you are drawn forth in your silk gowns, and all this fine rufflety-tufflety; and going half naked, as though you were a lady of fashion. D'ye remember the Coptain who used to come on pretence of admiring the old tattered velvet furniture, that came out of my master's great grandfather's castle, three hundred years ago?—

Enter SIR ROBERT, and FANCOURT.

Sir Robert. Heyday!

[*Humphrey and Jenny run off frightened.*
Quarrelling about my tattered velvet furniture!
 I am proud of those rags: the rags of a man's
 ancestry ought to be dear to him. I would
 give

give fifty acres for the rags of the old doublet of that ancestor of mine, who came over with the Ambassador of King Priam.

Fancourt. I am sorry you interrupted them; I like those children of nature; I am fond of natural characters; no disguise—all open honesty—what their hearts prompt, their tongues utter.

Sir Robert. True, Sir, true: I am glad you like plainness; and therefore tell you, Mr. Fancourt, that the draft I promised you for my Lord Beechgrove, I have altered my mind about.

Fancourt (astonished). Sir!

Sir Robert. All that affair about Mr. Snapper was very pleasant to be sure; but I have met with a thing that has stagger'd me a good deal.

Fancourt (aside). The devil! staggered, Sir?

Sir Robert. Yes, Sir; I do not understand a man's wanting favours, and then treating those ill who would do them service.

Fancourt. My very heart shrivels like scorched parchment (*aside*). Treat you ill, Sir! who has dared to accuse me of treating you ill, Sir Robert? I defy the man; I defy the human being. Whu! I wish I was out of the house (*aside*).

Sir Robert. Dear, Mr. Fancourt, I have not the least suspicion that you wou'd use me ill. I believe it to be impossible. No, Sir, it is my Lord Beechgrove of whom I complain. Why, Sir, do you know I met him in the Park, and he would not speak to me! would scarcely return my bow! tho' an hour before
he

he invited me to visit him, as you know. Bless me! what's the matter, Mr. Fancourt.

Fancourt. O! Sir Robert, I am seized with a vertigo, which is sometimes very troublesome (*smothering a laugh*). If I had a glass of hartshorn and water——

Sir Robert. Here—Thomas—Humphrey—I'll go myself. [*Exit.*

Fancourt. Ha, ha, ha! he has seen the *real* Lord Beechgrove. O! my back cracks like an old wainscot. The thousand is gone like last year's moonshire, if I can't——

TIPPY enters.

O! you devil, out of the house!

Tippy. What has happen'd?

Fancourt. What has happen'd! why old Taffy has seen—out of the house—do not stay to ask questions; he has seen your *polygraph*—out—out—here he comes! (*Tippy vanishes*).

SIR ROBERT enters, follow'd by a Servant with a glass.

O! this will be too much for me, I fear, at last. Sir Robert you are very good (*drinks*). O! bless me every spring and fall! I am better now. You were pleased to say something, Sir, about my friend, Lord Beechgrove. O! I remember now—he met you, and did not recollect you.

Sir Robert. That was very odd tho'! and I said—says I—“ My Lord, the thousand pounds “ which Mr. Fancourt spoke to me of——

Fancourt.

Fancourt. Did you—did you? (*coughs and laughs with his back turned*). Well, Sir Robert, and what said my Lord?

Sir Robert. Never a word—never a word. Stared as though I had been a new caught monster. I had not changed *my* dress, though he had changed his. The difference of dress made me almost think once, that I might be mistaken; but on looking again, I was sure of my man.

Fancourt. Aye—pray what was his dress, Sir?

Sir Robert. Regimentals.

Fancourt. Regimentals? a hint! (*significantly aside*) O! he had his regimentals on—aye—he is a Colonel in the Guards. Rather odd not speaking, I confess; but a man, whose head is stuff'd with the business of all Europe, must be forgiven if a slight acquaintance slips out of it.

Sir Robert. Why, I can make allowances, Mr. Fancourt; I remember myself, when I was High Sheriff for the county, I once passed an acquaintance, but I made him an apology; and, Sir, I shall expect an apology from my Lord, for not returning my bow, before I advance the thousand pounds. A thousand pounds is money, Mr. Fancourt.

Fancourt. It is—it is, Sir, and the man who will not make a bow for a thousand pounds, ought never to possess a thousand pence (*laughs aside*). I will go, Sir, and bring his Lordship here (*going*). He dines to-day at the Dutchess's in his own square; but I'll engage to bring him away in spite of wit, and beauty, and champagne.

E

paigne. I'll be a match for thee yet, old Taffy!
(*aside*). [Exit.]

Sir Robert. I wish my Lord wou'd invite me to dine at a Dutcheff's. I never did dine with a Dutcheff. It must be very delightful! I should go back to Glamorganshire, and be able to amuse my neighbours with all her Grace's bons mots, and repeat her Grace's toasts; I would hold my ass-skin sily under the table, and pencil down her good things. 'Tis all the fashion now. Many a man gets a dinner by being known to write down the wit of his host or hostess; tho', after long watching, he frequently brings away empty tablets. [Exit.]

GEORGINA enters laughing audibly, followed by JENNY.

Jenny. Aye, Miss, you may laugh, but for my part, I doesn't see any thing in your alabaster statutes—all of one colour, like a duck's egg. Give me a fine large picture, with robes of red, and blue, and rich damask curtains.

Georgina. Your taste is excellent! (*continuing to laugh*).

Jenny. But if you talk of statuary, go to Mrs. Silvertip's.

Georgina. Who is she?

Jenny. Why, a lady who makes the finest statutes in the world, all in wax. There are generals,—and failors—and princesses—and dukes—and old women, more natural than life. Now if I can raise her curiosity to go there, Jack's business is done (*aside*).

Georgina.

Georgina. Dear Jenny, how can I see them?

Jenny. Why, by going to her Exhibition on Fish-street-hill.

Georgina. Fish-street-hill---where is that?

Jenny. Hang me if I know (*aside*). O! Miss, every body knows where that is. 'Tis just by Grosvenor Square.

Georgina. I wonder if she wou'd teach me her art?

Jenny. Yes, to be sure she wou'd. All arts are to be learnt by those who have money, except the art of being happy.

Georgina. Then the first use I would make of it, should be to imitate the features of Mr. Conway in wax. I then shou'd be able to look at him without blushing, and even talk to him without his being a bit the wiser.

Jenny. Mr. Conway, indeed! (*aside, petulantly*).

Georgina. O dear! yes I will, I will learn the art. I know his countenance so well, that I shou'd be able to copy it without ever seeing him more. And yet there is *one* look, which *no* art can imitate! (*tenderly*).

Jenny. Devil take him! (*aside*). Well, Miss, I'll carry you there to-morrow. But Sir Robert must not know it.

Georgina. O not for the world! I will go--- I will go---I will go. [*Runs off.*]

Jenny. Yes, so you shall; but Mr. Conway shall never be the better for it. You have a large fortune, my dear, and are handsome; my brother is handsome, and has no fortune---the best reason for to bring you together.

Enter SIR ROBERT.

Sir Robert. Where is my daughter?

Jenny. Just gone to her dressing-room, Sir.

Sir Robert. Then I'll go and hear her on the harp a little. She has a sweet finger; aye--- and she is a sweet girl; but my heart has a thousand aches about her, and dearly as I love her, I am ready sometimes to exclaim with the old song,

"I wonder any man alive, would ever have a daughter."

Jenny. O! you old--- if you'd had wit enough for to have put a proper value on my charms, I would have taken every care about your daughter off your hands;---but I'll be revenged for all your tricks! here I have been spending anxious days, and sleepless nights, for two years;---making up the smartest caps of wash'd gauze and dyed ribbons;---buying new braids of hair, of a nice nut brown---and all without being able to touch the old goose, any more than if his heart was made of leather. But I'll match you! since you will not make *me* your wife, I'll give your daughter a husband; and if you should die of the mortification, I know where to find a place to dance on. [Exit.]

SCENE IV.---ASGILL'S Lodgings.

Enter ASGILL and CONWAY.

Asgill. O! 'tis in vain! never, Conway, will I sue for compassion from a proud beauty, who
treated

treated me with haughtiness, even when she believed me heir to prosperity.

Conway. Pride and loveliness ought to go together. I dislike the vulgar railing against the haughtiness of conscious beauty. She, who *over* values herself, will never sink too low; and the lady of whom we speak, perhaps loves you.

Asgill. For that very reason, I will not again appear before her. I am too proud to raise a conflict in her bosom between her pride, and her tenderness, and to owe at length, perhaps, to her *compassion*, the acceptance to which her love would never have acceded.

Conway. You are very nice. If my heart were not pre-occupied, and so fine a woman had an inclination to make me master of herself and fortune, I would not quarrel with her about the motive; I would thank the pretty creature, and give her all the love I could.

Asgill. Yes; but you are a man of fortune. By this time, I suppose, people begin to talk of my distress'd state.

Conway. I have heard it mentioned.

Asgill. What has been said?

Conway. A lady observed, that it was pity a man so handsome shou'd be sunk so low; and her husband said he was sorry, because you were such a good kind of young man.

Asgill (with contempt). Good kind of young man! I am sorry I have incurr'd such an approbation. (*Conway seems surprised*) No, no, do not imagine (*smiling*) that I wish for the reputation of a bad heart. But the term, "Good kind of young man," in our days, is so
E 3 applied,

applied, that I desire not to be honoured with it. An idle fellow, who hangs loose on society, without merit or avocation, or one who corrupts the sister of his friend, or runs away with his daughter, or does all those things which mankind ought to execrate, is said, in excuse, to be *a good kind of young man*. In short, good kind of young man, in the present acceptance, may very fairly be translated *scoundrel*.

Enter Servant.

Servant. Sir, here is the person you ordered from Tower-hill. Slop-seller, I think he calls himself. [Exit.

Conway. Slop-seller! How do you translate that? Apothecary, I suppose?

Asgill. Ha, ha, ha! No, I assure you. A Tower-hill slop-seller does not deal in emulsions and syrups, he---but you must excuse my telling you what he deals in. (*growing grave*) My dear Conway, adieu! Often *think* of me, and speak of me as I deserve; but be sure you never suffer people to call me *a good kind of young man*.

Conway. Asgill, though there is some pleasantry in your manner, there is also a seriousness which shocks me. What are you going to do?

Asgill. What I ought to do. What, do you imagine I intend to stay at home, to parade Bond-street, and make the circle of Piccadilly, Saint James's-street, and Pall-mall? No, no, my burning brain cannot be cooled by such expedients; 'tis only the powerful voice of my country can regulate its distraction---Ask no questions---my resolution is fixed---Farewell!

Conway.

Conway. What! and is the frenzy of your brain regulated by the hope of serving your country? Do all your *private* woes sink before that powerful principle! O! glorious effect of patriotic love! Every selfish feeling vanishes---to tear myself from you becomes a DUTY. I go---despise not this weakness---I venerate, I pity you! [Exit.

Asgill. Friend of my heart! He goes in tears! Oh! the drops which manly friendship forces from the eye, are more precious than those collected in the groves of rich Arabia---They sink into my heart---they *cherish* it!---Now come in, Sir.

Enter a Man, with a bundle.

Have you brought what I ordered?

Man. Yes; here are the things, Sir. (*opens the bundle*)

Asgill. This, then, is the complete dress of an English sailor?

Man. Complete! (*opening and displaying it*)

Asgill. O! the sight of it warms my heart! In this dress what heroes have bled---what gallant acts have been achieved! Those who have worn it, have given England all her glory---have given her the boundless empire of the ocean.

Man. Ay, Sir, it was your Raleighs, and your Drakes, and your Boscawens who did all that.

Asgill. O! whilst our grateful retrospection twines laurels around the heroes of departed days, let us not forget what is due to those of our own! Let us look with gratitude towards a HOWE, and hang, with tributary tears, over

the names of MONTAGUE, HARVEY, and HUTT!

Man. Ah! the three last are gone.

Asgill. But some remain. There only wants occasion, and *other* Montagues, and *other* Harveys will start out like meteors, and glide along the British sky, blazing in glory!

(Goes out, pressing the bundle to him.)

Man. Gad! he's a fine fellow, and will make a noble sailor; but our fleets, thank heaven, are full of such. *[Exit.]*

ASGILL returns, meeting a Servant.

Asgill. There are still two bills unpaid---go and discharge them. That purse contains sufficient. *[Exit Servant.]*

Now, all my debts paid, and a few guineas in my pocket, I quit my country; but I quit her, to serve her! O! may the boundless blessings of heaven descend upon her; may my arm contribute to restore peace to her; and may GLORY and MONARCHY be hers, till time shall be no more! *[Exit.]*

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

ACT

A C T IV.

SCENE I.---*Lady HORATIA's Drawing-room.**She enters with rapidity and disorder, then turns, and speaks.*

Lady Horatia. Yes---order the horses instantly---and yet ---no---I shall not want them---Go to his uncle in the city! How strange that will be! But can I hesitate on *decorums*, when EXISTENCE is at stake? Can I suffer Sidney Afgill to believe that Georgina's fooleries are my sentiments? Can I suffer another to have the transport of lifting him from poverty, whilst I am despised! The thought breaks my heart-strings! Ah! Mr. Conway!

Enter CONWAY.

Conway. I flew the moment I received your commands.

Lady Horatia. My commands! Sir, I only sent to ask---it was only with an intention to
--- (*much confused.*)

Conway. Speak, Lady Horatia. (*a pause*) Do me the honour to repose confidence in me.

Lady Horatia. Yes, Sir, I believe I can---I believe I ought---but shame weighs down my very soul. In one moment what will you think of me?

Conway. What I have always thought, that you are one of the first of your sex.

Lady

Lady Horatia (*walks a little way in extreme agitation, then returns*). I must speak, for the conflict is too great for me to endure. You are the friend of Asgill---the friend of his youth---the chosen of his heart. (*he bows*)--- Permit me then to ask, even though your answer shou'd be a breach of confidence, did you ever hear him mention any other lady as one ---as one---with whom he wished to unite his fate?

Conway. O never! You are the object of his adoration.

Lady Horatia. (*with quickness*) Then find him out---pursue him! What have I said? My soul shrinks at the sound of the words I have uttered.

Conway. Would my Asgill's ears could have received them! Go on, Madam.

Lady Horatia. Go on! Alas! need I add another sentence! You see that---humble me not too far---I am proud---Had Asgill continued the heir of splendid possessions, perhaps my pride and coldness would never have abated; but he is poor; he is undone!

Conway. Peerless woman!

Lady Horatia. My fortune is his---my heart ---my soul!

Conway. O! suffer me to kneel for him! For him I thank you, adorable, transcendent woman!

Lady Horatia. I feel your kindness in endeavouring to abate my confusion. The step I have taken I shou'd yesterday have thought less easy than to die. Permit me to leave you, nor dare to think (*with resumed dignity*) that, because my passion is strong, my conduct shall be

weak! My reputation is in your hands—
preserve it as you wou'd your own life and ho-
nour. [Exit.

Conway. I accept the glorious deposit, and
I will deserve the trust. What grace can dig-
nity of soul bestow! The very conduct which
from a vulgar mind would disgust, from such
elegance and virtue becomes fascinating. Now,
Asgill, I will dare to seek thee; and I will pour
such transport on thy heart, as shall make thee
confess, the hour of thy poverty the most
blessed of thy life. [Exit.

SCENE II—*Sir ROBERT FLOYER'S Library.*

*Enter Sir ROBERT in a hurry, followed by a
Servant.*

Sir Robert. Bring up his lordship and Mr.
Fancourt directly—fly down—never keep a
lord in waiting. [Exit Servant.

(*Sits.*) No, I won't receive his lordship sitting
(*rises*), that will look like want of respect. I
will be standing. No---that will not be the
thing neither; for then I shall have no opportu-
nity to shew my veneration, by rising at his
entrance. No—I must sit, and—Yes,
there I've hit it—I'll be reading—deeply
employed in reading. Then, when the great
man enters, start up, and dash away the book.
Let me see—it shall be a large book. I'll get
up and reach one down. (*mounts the library
steps, and takes down a book*)—Chambers's Dic-
tionary—that will do. (*Takes down another*)
“The Fall of the Roman Empire.” Bless
me—my lord!

(*A servant announces Lord Beechgrove. Sir Ro-
bert looking round sees Tippy enter, dressed as
Lord*

Lord Beechgrove, followed by Fancourt. In his fright he tumbles with the books from the steps. They help him up.)

Sir Robert. O, dear ! 'I am quite confounded. My lord, I beg your lordship's pardon a million of times. Mr. Fancourt—O, my knee ! (*rubs it*) Reach his lordship a chair. A most untoward accident, my lord ; but pray accept it as an omen. You found me sprawling at your feet—it shews how devoted I am to your service.

Tippy, Sir Robert, I have often heard of the politeness of the Welch gentlemen, and you really confirm all that has been said. The year in which you were sheriff, Sir Robert, was such a year of splendour and magnificence, as Glamorganshire will long remember. We heard a vast deal of it at Saint James's ; it amused the Royal Circle for a month.

Sir Robert. Why, my lord, I did my best on that occasion. When I was high sheriff for the county, I neither spared myself or my purse. A hanging in the morning, and an assembly at night ; giving the judges a dinner to-day, and to-morrow consulting Jack Ketch about a new gallows. Such a variety of business, my lord, demands a man's whole attention.

Tippy. Certainly, certainly. A little thing happened this morning, Sir Robert, which has given me pain. You addressed me in the Park, I really was, at that moment, throwing over in my mind the compact between Russia and Poland. In short, I had almost determined to go to Saint Petersburg, ambassador myself ; for I think one or two points might be revised. At that very moment, Sir Robert, just as I was de-

delivering my credentials to the Empress, and receiving one of those *delicious* smiles, which—

Fancourt. You will go too far. (*twitching him*)

Tippy. I say, just then, Sir Robert, you addressed me.

Sir Robert. No wonder, my lord, that you overlooked *me*; I am ashamed to have made a complaint of such a trifle.

Fancourt. Pray, my lord, examine Sir Robert's shelves; you will find them well stocked.

Sir Robert. All dead stock, my lord; heavy dead stock.

Tippy. Pardon me, Sir, pardon me! Such stock is never dead. You have here in calf's-skin and sheep's-skin, the very souls of the authors. Well chosen, I dare say.

Sir Robert. Why, my lord, as to the choice, I left that to my broker. He furnished the whole house, from the kitchen to the garret; the pots and the poets; the frying-pans and the philosophers were all of his choosing.

Fancourt. Now, Sir Robert, if you would do the thing genteely, write the draft without his observing it, and I'll present it to him after we have left the house. Great men must not have services tendered them coarsely.

Sir Robert. I understand you; there is a nice way of doing things. Pray, my lord, amuse yourself with a folio or two. A certain delicate—it shall be so. (*goes and writes*)

Tippy (*taking up a book*). "The debates of Leadenhall-street." Pleasant reading—light—pretty reading in a heavy morning!

Fancourt. Leadenhall-street—A thought strikes me.

Tippy.

Tippy. Then strike again.

Fancourt. I say, my lord, as Sir Robert is a liberal man, and fond of patronage, suppose you give him, by way of outset, a place at the Board of Controul for Indian affairs, jult till a better thing offers. (*Sir Robert writes, and listens by turns*).

Tippy. The thought was too obvious to be missed—exactly suits his discernment and spirit. (*whispers, then speaks audibly*) The nabobs (*whispers*)—the begums (*whispers*)—mulsins, alaballas, mul-muls, and nanlooks (*whispers*), Nankeen china (*whispers*), Patna rice (*whispers*).

Sir Robert (runs up). O, my lord! my lord! (*slides the draft into Fancourt's hands*) Not a word—mum! (*his finger to his lip*).

(*Fancourt holds up the draft to catch Tippy's eye.*)

Tippy. Faith, I had better go about it directly—no time to be lost—let us finish the business at once. (*looking significantly at Fancourt*) Sir Robert, your servant.

Fancourt. Sir Robert, your servant. (*both hurrying off*)

Sir Robert (stands and stares). "Sir Robert, your servant"—mighty short! Well, but they're in a hurry to serve me—a little rudeness, when it proceeds from kindness, may be pardoned.

Enter GEORGINA hastily, followed by JENNY.

Georgina. O! dear papa, there is a woman in the square with some odd music; I am going to the bow-window to hear her.

[*Exit.*
Sir

Sir Robert. Get along, madcap! (*going*) begums, nabobs, Patna rice——*Sir Robert, your servant—mighty short!* [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—*The square.*

Mrs. FANCOURT, dressed as a Savoyard, enters, winding a burdy gurdy, attended by two children, the one with a tambour, the other with a cymbal.

Mrs. Fancourt. This is the house; here will I place myself—fortunately I may attract the lovely victim. (*sings and plays*)

I be von poor Savoyard,
Get but lit, and labour hard;
Wet and cold me oft' endure,
Patience be my only cure.

GEORGINA appears, JENNY stands behind her.

Ah, Ah, charmante lady, cast down your bright eye,
Compassionate look, or perhaps I be die;
I see von sweet smile stealing over your face,
It give you new beauty, it give you new grace.

I be von poor Savoyard,
Get but lit, and labour hard;
Wet and cold me oft endure,
Patience be my only cure.

Make von curtesy to de lady, you lit impudent ting.

Georgina. Do not chide her. Where did you come from?

Mrs.

Mrs. Fancourt. From von great vay off; I live among de mountains, and I be come to make please de prit lady of dis country. (*Georgina throws down silver.*) Take up l'argent, ma petite, and put it in votre poche—Bless your charité. Lady, I can tell de fortune by looking at de vite hand.

Georgina. Can you? O! dear Jenny, let us have her up.

Jenny. Laws, Miss, don't let such creatures come in; they may steal something; there's a wicked look in her eyes; I understand eyes as well as she does hands.

Mrs. Fancourt. Dat prit young voman's by your side, lady, be born to von great luck—she vill ave de grande offer.

Jenny. Well, Miss, if you *will* have her in—I'll go and open the door.

[*They leave the balcony.*]

Mrs. Fancourt. Thus far I am successful. O! horrid! that such youth and goodness should become the prey of two villains! Ah! the door opens.

Jenny (*opening the door*). Come, come—make haste.

[*They enter.*]

SCENE—*Changes to the Drawing-room.*

GEORGINA enters, followed by Mrs. FANCOURT and JENNY.

Mrs. Fancourt. Come, let me look at your prit vite hand. (*takes Georgina's hand, and pretends to examine the lines.*) Ah, I see—I see—But I ave not de power to tell de fortune before any von—dat gentle---sweet temper young voman must go.

Geor-

Georgina. Go, Jenny, d'ye hear? Leave the room; go directly.

Jenny (*going reluctantly*). I shou'd not have thought of that foreign woman's impudence, to have me sent out of the room---I don't like her---I'll listen, I am determined. [*Exit.*

Mrs. Fancourt. Now, Miss, me vill tell you ---you be born to be ver happy, if you be ver good.

Georgina. Dear! Do you think I am not good?

Mrs. Fancourt. Bau! Bau! dere be von---two vicked mens, who ave de vicked design upon you---Il faut, you must not see gentlemen, but in de presence of your papa. Your papa be your bon friend.

Georgina. I never heard any thing so ridiculous. Never see gentlemen, but in my papa's presence. O! you are a fine fortune-teller! Good-day (*going*).

Mrs. Fancourt (*is agitated; follows, and seizes her*). Madam, if you would not be lost beyond redemption, observe what I have said. Two villains have laid such a train---

Georgina. Amazing! Why, you now speak good English.

Mrs. Fancourt. Hah! I had forgot; but when the heart feels it is hard to dissemble. You have detected me. Charming young woman, slight not the cautions which I wear this disguise to give! Surely they must have weight with you, when I tell you, that it is perhaps at the hazard of *my life*, that I appear before you.

Georgina. You freeze me!

Mrs. Fancourt. Treat not lightly then the advice of one, who runs such risks to press it

F

upon

upon you—I know not exactly what is designed—I have awakened your caution, and my duty is complete.

Jenny (running in). Get out of the house, you impostor—you deceiving jezebel. If you do not go this minute, I will order the footman to sweep you out.

Mrs. Fancourt. Young lady think upon my words. [Exit.]

Jenny. Think upon her words—a vagabond! did you ever see such assurance, Miss? I have a great mind to beat her hurdy-gurdy about her ears.

Georgina. Be silent! what I have heard shall sink into my heart. I will be circumspect (*walking slowly and gravely off*).

Jenny. Here's a pretty kettle of fish! who can that vile woman be? Jack has let somebody into our secret, who has betrayed us. What labour it will cost me to throw her off her guard! but I'll try (*takes a letter from her pocket, and looks it over*). Yes, yes; this letter will bring Jack. Hang me, if I don't believe I have spelt disguise wrong. Well, no matter---the meaning is undisguised enough (*wavers the letter*). Here Humphrey! (*smiling, and speaking very gently*) Humphrey!

HUMPHREY *entering*.

Come, none of your flummery.

Jenny. Nay, don't be cross---you know we have made it up---here, take this letter, and carry it to my brother Jack. Come now, (*coaxingly*) you know I am working you the corners

corners of a new handkerchief, twenty times as pretty as this (*touching that which he wears*).

Humphrey. Shall I have it by Friday, when I go to Bob's wedding?

Jenny. You shall. (*bell rings*)

Humphrey. Well, give it me (*snatching the letter*). The old place, I suppose.

Jenny. Yes, yes, the old place (*bell again*). Hang the bell---go directly. [*Exit*.

Humphrey. The wafer's wet, ha, ha, ha! now she thinks I can't read wroiting---help her fappy head! ha, ha, ha! I can read and wrote too, but that's a secret between me and my ownself (*looking at it all round*). I would not break a seal for the world---for that I know would be a most unhonorable thing; but as to a chambermaid's wet wafer---there---it opens like a boil'd oyfter.

'Tis a dainty scrawl. The lines run as straight as the zig-zag of a screw. (*reads*) "Loving Brother,"---well that's koind---"cum here to-morrow in your old disguise---I mean the (*spelling*) f--e--m--fem. (*looking earnestly*) "f--e, fe. M. by itself M." Yes, it is female---"and call yourself, as before, Miss Sally Martin." So, so! then that strapping wench that I have let in sometimes, is all the while her brother Jack. (*scratches his head, and reads again*) "There's something in the wind---we must make short work---befure you come---" your affectionate sister, Jane."

So Jack and Jane are a pretty pair; now, what can they be upon? that's nothing to I---I think I won't carry it---yes, (*looks at the corners of his handkerchief*) yes, I think I will---I

will carry it---I will see Jack in petticoats once more. [Exit.]

SCENE V.---*St. James's Park.*

TIPPY *walking backwards and forwards with an air of great uneasiness*---FANCOURT appears.

Tippy (running towards him) O! you are come (*breathless*). I have been waiting here these two hours. I began to fear that you were slippery---that you were upon your tricks.

Fancourt. What, with each other? O fye! never. I drove to the banker's and back as fast as the horses of a wretched hack could carry me. In my way I met a fellow in his chariot, who two years since borrowed money of me for shoes.

Tippy. I never shall meet such a fellow, for I never lend---make a point of that. Come, give me the money---my moiety of the thousand pounds.

Fancourt (unwilling). Directly---directly---ha! how d'ye do? (*bowing to those suppos'd to be passing*). Here is the--- (*puts his hand slowly in his pocket*). Ha! I saw you last night (*to others*) a full concert. I shall be at the tennis-court presently (*running off towards the top*).

Tippy (following). Rot the tennis-court! give me the notes.

Fancourt. The notes! well, there are the notes.

(*Tippy looks at the notes astonished, and at Fancourt by turns*).

Tippy.

Tippy. Well, what are these?

Fancourt. What *are* they? why, the notes--- your share of the thousand pounds procured by *me* this morning (*carelessly*).

Tippy. Here are five notes, five and twenty pounds each.

Fancourt. What, can't you reckon? four notes, five and twenty pounds each, make one hundred---one hundred pounds, principal money. Dear Tippy, do not look so thunder-struck---you are very welcome. I confess I had some thoughts of making it fifty; but recollecting our antient friendship, when I bought into the four per cents. with the rest, I reserved a whole hundred for you. Good day, Tippy.

Tippy (seizing him). Stay, Sir---stay you *shall* (*fiercely*).

Fancourt. Nay, my good fellow, do not make an uproar in the Park; because you know if you do, Tippy, I shall be under the necessity of relating some little anecdotes of you, which may end in a procession to Newgate.

Tippy (trembling with passion). So, you have bought nine hundred pounds stock?

Fancourt. I have.

Tippy. And you are determined I shall touch but one.

Fancourt. Only one, Tippy.

Tippy (smothering rage). Very well---very well.

Fancourt (in a passion). Zounds! what wou'd the man have? an hundred pounds for only just walking into an old sprawling fellow's library ---and---the devil!---he's here---I'm off!--- (*runs off*).

Tippy. Is he? he is---no, I'll not run---he's coming towards me---I'll not flinch. Now you shall see, Mr. Fancourt, what it is to use a brother rascal ill. Is not the world wide enough for our tricks, but we must cheat one another? I'll sacrifice myself rather than not be revenged. (*Takes out his pocket book and pencil, seeming very intent*).

Enter SIR ROBERT.

Sir Robert. Hah! there's his Lordship---he seems very busy---perhaps I had better pass on---no, I won't---surely, after such a favour---Hah! my Lord, your most obedient.

(*Tippy looks at him, gazes, then continues to write*).

Well now I declare (*looks amazed*). My Lord, I say, your most obedient.

Tippy. Pray, Sir, who are you?

Sir Robert. I am astonished!

Tippy. Who, I say, are you; who thus, twice have taken the freedom to address me in public?

Sir Robert. Who am I? what, does not your Lordship know me now? O! perhaps the delicious smiles of the Empress are in your Lordship's head again---perhaps the Polish treaty---perhaps---

Tippy (in a feigned passion). Perhaps neither of these! I am engrossed by your impertinence. Who are you, Sir?

Sir Robert. Who am I? why, the man who, two hours since, lent you a thousand pounds, principal money, to keep you from the gripe of the Jews.

Tippy.

Tippy. A thousand pounds. Eh, eh! (*looking very gravely*). Lent me a thousand pounds! Sir, (*seizing his hand*) I am full of concern for you---I see you have been imposed on. Sir, there is a fellow about this town so like me, that we might play the two Socias, or the two Dromios, or pass for two brown ruffetans growing on the same twig. He resembles my person; he imitates my very dress---Sir, depend on it, he has also assumed my name, and has swindled you out of one thousand pounds, principal money.

Sir Robert. Why, my Lord, I am thunder-struck. Then, what you said to me this morning---I mean what *he* said, concerning the Begums, and the Nanfooks---

Tippy. Was all to cozen you, depend on't. You are cheated, I see clearly. Sorry for you ---can't stay---clearly cheated, Sir, depend on't (*going*).

Sir Robert (much agitated). My Lord---my Lord, grant me a moment---permit me to ask one question---do you know Mr. Fancourt?

Tippy (with scorn). Do I know Mr. Fancourt, Sir! there are a sort of people one may be said to know, because one meets them every where. But as to Mr. Fancourt, why, Sir, I would not keep a groom who was acquainted with such a ---such a person.

Sir Robert. Oh!

Tippy. If you want to find his character, you will hear of it in Bow-street; if you want to find his lodgings, you must go to St. Giles's. Do I know Mr. Fancourt indeed! [*Exit.*]

Sir Robert. Is it ground I stand upon? I am amazed---never were two men so alike on earth.

The look---the voice---the dress--but can Fancourt be a villain? no, it is not possible; to *me* he cannot be a villain---yet---I know not what to conjecture.

Ente FANCOURT behind, grinning, and claps him on the shoulder.

(*Turns and gazes on him*). No---his looks are innocent---it is not possible that he can be guilty.

Fancourt. How d'ye do, Knight? how d'ye do?

Sir Robert. Yet I'll try him (*looks sternly*). Sir, I have seen a man who tells me you are a villain.

Fancourt. 'Tis well he does not let *me* see him. But who is the man---who *is* he, Sir?

Sir Robert. Lord Beechgrove---the real Lord Beechgrove, Sir.

Fancourt. Hell and ten thousand furies! (*aside*) explain, Sir, explain! I really cannot possibly comprehend you.

Sir Robert. He tells me, Sir, that the man you brought to me to-day, is an impostor, and that in concert with him, you have cheated me of a thousand pounds.

Fancourt. How, Sir, an impostor! (*in a rage*) but I'll be cool---I'll be cool---where was you told of this---where, Sir?

Sir Robert. On this very spot, Sir.

Fancourt (aside). Hah! I begin to smoke---what, Lord Beechgrove has just left you then?

Sir Robert. This moment---I found him here.

Fancourt. So, this is Tippy's damn'd revenge! (*aside*) ha, ha, ha! O what a---ha, ha, ha!

ha! what a droll dog! why, Sir, do you not know that my noble friend is the greatest joker in England? ha, ha, ha! I suppose he might tell you there was a man about town who resembled him?

Sir Robert. He did---he did sure enough---he said they were as like as two drums.

Fancourt. Ay, ay, he plays those tricks continually---he is inexhaustible as a joker. O! the rascal! (*aside*).

Sir Robert. That's very odd in a Privy Counsellor.

Fancourt. It is by way of unbending, Sir---those great men must unbend. The lion must dandle the kid sometimes---the villain! (*aside*) I could tell you such tales of him. Hah! here his Lordship comes.

Enter TIPPY.

(*Runs up to him*) You shall have the other four hundred (*apart*).

Tippy. Ah, ah, Sir Robert---what, I frightened you, did I?---I shan't trust you (*apart to Fancourt*).

Fancourt (*giving him notes*). Take it---here it is---the dog has been up to me this time (*aside*). Really, my Lord, it was not right to play on Sir Robert's credulity. He could not know but that you might be in earnest. But I must particularly insist on one thing, my Lord, that you do not speak of my character in such terms, though in jest. The jest which laughs away a man's reputation, is deadly poison administered in honey.

Tippy. Well, I won't---I won't. What do
4 you

you think I told him, Fancourt? I told him you lived at St. Giles's, ha, ha, ha!

Fancourt. No!--did you?

Sir Robert. He did indeed, ha, ha, ha! and that you were known in Bow-street, ha, ha, ha!

All. Ha, ha, ha!

Fancourt. Well, now I propose that we three jolly fellows, full of good humour, and lovers of fun, dash off to the Star and Garter---Champagne and a song shall cheer our hearts, and set us above the cares of the world.

Sir Robert. With all my heart. Rattle glasses with a Lord---h---m---m--- (*with secret delight*) it will be as good as dining with a Dutchess.

Tippy. Come along, my little fellow; I'll introduce you to three Lords, and a Duke.

Fancourt. Here then we go---jest, mirth and pleasure inspire us!

[*They take Sir Robert between them and go off, wave their hats, and buzza.*]

END OF THE FOURTH ACT.

ACT

A C T V.

SCENE I---TIPPY's Lodgings.

Enter Mrs. BULLRUSH, bringing in the Gown she wore in the first scene, work bag, &c.

Mrs. Bullrush. I'll take possession of his room myself, hang me if I don't! (*sits down*) here am I obliged to *mend* my gowns instead of buying new ones, because my lodgers won't pay me (*threads a needle*). No, no, Mr. Tippy--- I'll *fit* you! I spoke to my neighbour *Holdfast*, yesterday; no one ever got out of his clutches yet, if once *Holdfast* touch'd him on the shoulder (*works a little*), Bless me! how my teeth torment me again (*puts up her handkerchief*) Betty! Betty---bring me a little brandy to hold in my mouth. I'll e'en go myself, she always brings such a drop! [*Exit.*]

Enter TIPPY, with a Letter in his hand.

Tippy. Yes, yes---tell them so--- (*speaking gaily*) no, my artful sister, it won't do (*reading*) "Wear the same disguise, and come as Miss "Sally Martin." That is not possible---my landlady's maid, who used to lend me that smart dress, is off. What the devil can I do? to go there as a *man*, after having just been there as Lord Beechgrove, would be kicking down the milk pail with a vengeance! and yet to lose that sweet girl and her sweet estate--- well, I can't go---I cannot go to Sir Robert's, pos!

pos! (*going out, runs against the table*). What's this? my landlady's gown? gad it is! (*opens it*) if it fits me, I'll borrow it to personate Miss Sally Martin (*puts it on*). Hang me, but it does very well. She has often said, she would *fit* me, and now she has done it. And the smart bonnet too (*puts it on*). Freeze me, but I look as well as my landlady. Who---who the devil is this? (*looking thro' the door*) HOLDFAST, the Bailiff? whu! I am in the jaws of the lion! (*throws himself into a chair*).

Enter HOLDFAST.

Holdfast. Well, Madam, is Mr. Tippy come home? I have been watching for him the whole day (*Tippy groans*). I have been hunting him through every tavern, coffee-house, and gaming-house. I have been within three minutes of him, fifteen times. O! that I had but hold of his skirts! (*Tippy groans*). Alack-a-day, Mrs. Bullrush, still plagued with your teeth? (*Tippy makes motions with his hand*). Well, Madam, don't speak. If I once catch the young villain, we sha'n't part, (*Tippy groans*) I have one room double grated, and if he slides out of that, it must be thro' the keyhole.

(*Tippy groans, gets up, and puts Holdfast into his chair, making motions*).

Very well---I understand you. I'll stay here till you come back, Mrs. Bullrush; yes---I will.

[*Exit. Tippy groaning.*]

Poor creature! her teeth torment her like--- what the dickens! why there's Mrs. Bullrush! (*looking out*) a trick! a trick! (*bawling out*) no--- yes--- 'tis all in white! (*looks scared*) perhaps---

Mrs.

Mrs. Bullrush---Mrs. Bullrush! oh! (*goes off trembling and frighten'd*).

SCENE II.---SIR SIMON ASGILL'S *Counting-House*.—He is seated, looking melancholy and oppress'd.

PERKINS enters---he looks at SIR SIMON with great concern.

Perkins. Sir, Sir---I pray you, Sir, speak!

Sir Simon. Perkins! I have carried it too far. My boy can no where be found. Why did I hit on such a plan? I ought to have known that the sensibility of his heart, and the nobleness of his soul, could neither support seeing my distress, or living a useless member of society.

Perkins. Sir, be comforted---it is not yet noon; perhaps the evening may bring us tidings.

Enter a Servant.

A lady, Sir, desires to see you.

Sir Simon. I can see no lady (*petulantly*).

Servant. She is particularly pressing, and requests to see you alone.

Sir Simon. Who is she?

Servant. I have never seen her. Her servants are in mourning (*a pause*). Shall I conduct her to the drawing-room, Sir?

Sir Simon. No---if I must see her, bring her in here. The counting-house of an English merchant is respectable enough for the reception of
of

of a prince ;---I should not be ashamed to receive my king in it. (*exit. Servant*). Well, Perkins, you find the lady will have me alone---if I was in spirits to joke now, I could make myself merry at the fancy.

Perkins. Well, Sir, I hope your spirits and your jokes will soon come back. Faith, she's a pretty lady
[*Exit.*

Enter LADY HORATIA.

Sir Simon. Your humble servant, Madam. (*She curtsseys, and seems confused*). Pray sit down.

Lady Horatia. I thank you. (*He stands by her chair---she fans herself*).

Sir Simon. You seem faint, Madam.

Lady Horatia. No, Sir---no. In a moment I shall be better.

Sir Simon. Not used, perhaps, to the bustle of driving thro' the City?

Lady Horatia. Not often. O! how shall I begin? my heart bursts with feeling, yet my tongue cannot give it utterance (*aside*).

Sir Simon. Pray may I ask---what brought you here to-day?

Lady Horatia. To-day, Sir---I came to-day (*breathless*) on a business so important---that---I scarcely know how to mention it, Sir---but---you have a nephew (*looking on her fan*).

Sir Simon. I hope so, Ma'am.

Lady Horatia. You have heard of Lady Horatia Horton,

Sir Simon. Heard of her---yes---I have heard of her!

Lady

Lady Horatia. It is believ'd, Sir, that Mr. Afgill has some regard for her.

Sir Simon. I hope not. My nephew, I believe, knows better than to regard such a gill-flirt.

Lady Horatia. Gill-flirt! Lady Horatia Horton, a gill-flirt.

Sir Simon. Yes---the greatest gill-flirt I ever saw in my life.

Lady Horatia (rising). Ah, he means Georgina, who saw him yesterday. I am so confused, I know not how to explain (*aside*).

Sir Simon. My nephew in love with a stone-cutter!

Lady Horatia. Sir!

Sir Simon. A hewer of marble! why he may as well live in a quarry.

Lady Horatia. Monstrous! (*aside*).

Sir Simon. Her study is a work-shop---her drawing-room a mason's saw-yard.

Lady Horatia (aside). Insupportable! can this be the uncle of Sidney Afgill?

Sir Simon. There she chisels out womens' faces with young serpents hanging in drop curls, by way of a new fashion'd tete.

Lady Horatia (in great warmth). Nay, I can bear it no longer! Sir, this more than gothic ignorance, is a disgrace to the age in which we live, and to your own situation: The head of the beautiful MEDUSA is amongst the wonders of the art. O! the more than martial skill, which could make BEAUTY horrible!

Sir Simon. Hey! The dumb lady cured! what is she crazy?

Lady Horatia. At the same place you saw
5 (with

(*with enthusiasm*) the touching NIOBE, mourning over her children;---the light ATALANTA flying from her lover---the graceful GANYMEDE caught up to Olympus for his beauty, did none of those strike ye? none of those awaken your adoration for the sublime art,---for SCULPTURE! whose long enduring beauties bid defiance to time, and laugh at ages!

Sir Simon (singing). "I am mad Bess, believe me."

Lady Horatia. Your coarseness, Sir, is hardly to be borne! how different from yours is the mind of your nephew! he has sat whole hours admiring those wonders of the art, and patiently watching the strokes of the chissel, which presumed at distant imitation.

Sir Simon. It is the first instance of his folly I ever heard. I thought Sidney had been a different sort of a man.

Lady Horatia. I suppose you have been employing *your* talents to the more exalted purposes of importing verdigrease, and blubber, and in making monopolies.

Sir Simon. Monopolies! no, Madam, never! there is one monopoly, and only one, to which I give my assent;---may the posterity of Englishmen continue to monopolize this little island, as long as the sea fills its channel, or the winds blow upon its rocks! have you any commission for me, Madam?

Lady Horatia. Commission---Sir---I came---I intended---it was my design---no, Sir, I have no commission.

Sir Simon. When you have, Madam, I shall be happy to see you again, but I really have not had

had time to read my letters, which I must beg to do directly. Order the lady's carriage.

Lady Horatia. Sir---I really feel myself so insulted that---perhaps, Sir---but no matter. Perhaps you are right---yes, Sir, you are *very* right (*goes out weeping, yet with dignity*).

Sir Simon. Perkins! come in Perkins! (*he enters*) why I was never so stunn'd in my life. Here's a woman comes on pretence to speak about my nephew, and then begins some gibberish about sculpture;---and talks of Gany-mede, and Atalanta, and Olympus, and such vile trash as lads learn out of Ovid; books, that if I was a member of parliament, I'd bring in a bill to make it felony for any bookseller to vend.

Perkins. It would do you more honor, Sir, than any canal bill, bill for roads, or any other improvement that was ever brought before the House.

CONWAY *enters.*

Sir Simon. Hah, Mr. Conway, what news---what news? (*running towards him*).

Conway. Alas! none, Sir. I have follow'd our poor Sidney by every possible clue that I could obtain; but he has pass'd away like a vapour---not a trace remains (*sighing*).

Sir Simon. O! fye---O! fye. (*Shaking his head with a melancholy air*).

Conway. I suppose Lady Horatia Horton has been here to make enquiries.

Sir Simon. Who?

G

Conway.

Conway. Lady Horatia Horton. She stepped into her carriage as I came up to the gate---but she seem'd to be weeping, so I avoided her.

Perkins. Bless me, Sir---there has been some mistake. (*to Sir Simon*)

Sir Simon. I don't know---I am all in a wood! why, was that lady in mourning, Lady Horatia Horton?

Conway. Assuredly.

Sir Simon. Why 'tis quite a different person from her I saw, yesterday, at her house.

Conway (*smiling*). O yes, ha, ha---I have heard about that. The lady you saw *was* quite a different person.

Sir Simon. Gad I hope I shall never have the luck to see her again.

Conway. Why, Sir?

Sir Simon. I can't endure her.

Conway (*angrily*). Sir! not endure her? why, she is the most charming of her sex. That lady, Sir, has more sweetness of disposition, more playful innocence of heart, and more beauty than half the women in the world.

Sir Simon. I hope *I* may form a different opinion, Mr. Conway.

Conway. No, Sir---no man shall form a different opinion---or if he does, he must take care to conceal it in my presence.

Sir Simon. I shall take *no* care, Sir. I will use the freedom of an Englishman to speak all I think of you, and of every man, and of every woman too. How dared she assume a character she was not?---how dared she say such things of my nephew to my face?

Conway. Sir! whatever that lady says, I make myself answerable for.

Perkins. O, Gentlemen, let me entreat you!—you will both be sorry—you have been both too warm.

Conway. I advise you to persuade Sir Simon that he has been so!—I shall expect his apology.

[*Exit.*

Sir Simon (staring). Why, what's in the wind to-day, Perkins! I affront every one who comes near me, without designing it, I am sure.

Perkins. Your temper has been a little ruffled, Sir; you are sore about Mr. Asgill.

Sir Simon. Sore indeed! and my heart will be sore soon, as well as my temper, if I do not hear of him, But about this Lady Horatia--- 'tis very odd! what could bring her here? perhaps she came to tell me some news. I think I will go to her.

Perkins. It would be best, Sir.

Sir Simon. I certainly will---after change. But I hope I shall not see her *marble monsters* again---they'll put me out of sorts if I do. What a taste!

Perkins. Dear Sir, any taste is better than no taste, and a lady who employs her thoughts and her chissel on works of art, is, at least, *not idle*; and, therefore, as Doctor Johnson says, not in the way of being wicked. [Exeunt.

SCENE *changes to* SIR ROBERT'S *Drawing-Room.*

Enter TIPPY, *with* HUMPHREY.

Humphrey. Why, what a noddy have I been, to take this strapper always for a girl! (*aside*).

Tippy. What is the oaf grinning at? do as I bid you---tell Mrs. Jenny her friend Miss Sally Martin is here.

[*Humphrey goes out, making faces.*
Gad, I had a good run. I was hardly safe in the hack, before the bailiff and my landlady were in pursuit.

Enter JENNY.

Jenny. O! Jack, I am so——

Tippy. Hush! come to the point. I am in danger every moment that I stay. What progress have you made with your mistress! What is to be done?

Jenny. Why what *is* to be done, is to get her *any way* into your power---once get her to your lodgings, and a marriage *must* follow.

Tippy (*sneeringly*). Good!

Jenny. I have prevail'd on her to go with me alone, to the famous wax-work. She knows not where it is, so I'll bring her in a hack to your lodgings; and then---mercy! here she comes---what shall we do?

Tippy. Do!---upon my soul she's a sweet creature! I hope she won't detect the Connoisseur, in petticoats.

GEORGINA

GEORGINA enters---TIPPY bows very low---
recovers himself, and curtsseys.

Georgina. Bless me, Jenny---who is this?

Jenny. A---- stranger Ma'am---a lady that. Did you not say, Madam, that you ran into the hall to avoid some gentlemen who were rude to you? (*to Tippy*) and then, Miss, that blundering fellow, Humphrey, brought him up---I mean brought the lady up here.

Tippy. Yes, Ma'am, he brought me up here. Really a modest woman can hardly walk the streets, men are so impertinent. One gentleman seiz'd my hand; d---n you, Sir, says I---I mean I said, bless me, Sir, I beg you won't be rude.

Georgina. A very odd lady, Jenny!

Tippy. Curse the petticoats! Madam I scorn to impose on you---no, Madam, I have a soul above it---I am *not* a lady. I put on this disguise to procure admission here, that I might tell you how I adore you, Madam (*kneeling*) my passion for you is so great, that if you do not look on me with pity---if you do not listen to me with compassion--- (*Jenny shrieks*).

SIR ROBERT enters, with FANCOURT.

Sir Robert. A lady at my daughter's feet! (*Tippy starts up*) some great favour sure she is asking. What did you shriek for?

Jenny. Shriek, Sir---O, Sir, the poor lady---she was saying as how that she had a cruel husband---I never heard of such a villain! and she was deploring Miss to speak to you in the

affair, for you know him. He seems a most sweet young fellow, Ma'am, it would be great pity to betray him! (*aside*)

Georgina (to herself). The Savoyard! O, I remember all at this moment!

Sir Robert. Do I know your husband, Ma'am! Pray do not wheel round in this manner---there's nothing shameful in having a bad husband---if there were, few married women would care to shew their faces.

Tippy (in a shrill voice). O, Sir, I should die with confusion. (*still keeping his back to Sir Robert*).

Sir Robert. Pray, Madam, is the fault *all* your husband's?

Tippy. O, entirely, Sir;---my behaviour to him is quite angelic.

Sir Robert. I dare say your face is angelic, if one could but see it (*still wheeling to get a peep at her*). Perhaps you live a little too gaily for him, poor man!

Tippy. Not at all! I am a pattern of prudence ---generally at home by four in the morning. Charming creature! pity my distress! (*in his own voice to Georgina*).

Georgina. Pray Ma'am turn, and shew yourself to my Papa, and if you tell him the same affecting story you began to me---

Jenny (apart). Nay pray, Ma'am, do not betray him! how can you have the heart? he would die rather than do *you* an ill turn. Did you observe what teeth he has?

Georgina. Sweet lady, speak! a design so pure, and eloquence so irresistible, will affect Sir Robert as it ought.

Fancourt.

Fancourt. Sweet lady turn round! gad, there's some fudge here---I am sure there is. Sir Robert take my advice---look in the lady's face.

Sir Robert (goes to her). Nay, Madam, 'tis in vain. I will see your bright eyes, or never---(*Tippy trips up Sir Robert, and then attempts to run off*).

Fancourt. A Thalastris, by Jupiter! (*seizing Tippy*) nay, I will have a peep, spite of your dexterity, Miss! (*Tippy struggles*) come, to the right about! by Heavens this must be a man---Sir Robert, I smell a rat (*turns him*). Zounds! what Tippy! I am a bit of a Marplot here. This comes of your entrusting your friends by halves (*apart*).

Sir Robert. What it is a man, then! I thought it was the most robust damsel I had ever met with.

Fancourt. Get out of the house (*pushing him*). You might well hide your face! get out, or I will make you shew it at the Old Bailey (*drives him out*).

Sir Robert. Who is he?

Fancourt. Oh, a fellow who lives by his wits; one whose stock in trade is all in the *pia mater*. (*touching his forehead*).

Sir Robert (to Georgina). How came he here in this disguise? where have you seen him? I insist on knowing the truth.

Fancourt. She seems sadly puzzled---the girl has been taught that 'tis a sin to tell lies.

Sir Robert. Why don't you speak, Georgina? come be bold! your prompter I see is at your elbow.

Jenny. Pray speak, Miss. Say it is your staymaker. (*aside*)

Georgina. Yes, I will speak. I assure you, Sir, (*taking her father's hand*) I never saw that person till now; but a circumstance which, I believe, must relate to him, has struck my recollection, and makes me shudder.

Sir Robert. What is it, child?

Georgina. Sir—I—yesterday, Sir, I had my fortune told.

Sir Robert. Pho!

Georgina. Nay, Sir, mine was no common fortune-teller; she was certainly a well-bred woman in disguise.

Sir Robert. Why, what did she say to you?

Georgina. She told me that two men—two most unprincipled monsters, had laid a plot for my destruction (*he starts*). Her disguise was that of a Savoyard, with music.

Fancourt. Whu! (*aside.*)

Sir Robert. I remember you ran through the library to go to listen to her.

Fancourt. Pray—pray, Madam, what sort of a person was this pretended Savoyard?

Georgina. An agreeable little woman, with eyes full of intelligence, and manners full of good sense.

Fancourt. Yes, it was my devil, I see clearly. (*aside.*)

Georgina. This seeming lady is probably one of the two men I had notice of, who introduced himself here, to carry on designs which make me tremble.

Sir Robert. I believe you do, my dear. I never saw you so grave, nor heard you talk so discreetly before; a little fright has done you good

good. May you never cease to tremble, Georgina, when you recollect the hazards of this hour!

Georgina. You, Jenny, have always nourish'd my follies, and cherish'd my absurdities; I will never hold communication with you more. Go directly to the housekeeper, receive your wages, and leave my father's house. Begone!

Jenny. Why, she can never mean this in earnest; this must be all fudge before her father. (*goes hesitatingly.*)

Sir Robert. O! that every misguided daughter would retrieve her errors before it be too late, and, like you, take shelter in the arms of a fond and forgiving father! (*embracing her.*) My dear Georgina, I wish thou hadst either a mother, or a husband!

Fancourt. A most edifying scene, this! (*aside.*)

Sir Robert. Mr. Fancourt, you know who this fellow is.

Fancourt. Not absolutely know him—I have seen him; and I will trace him out, Sir, if it be possible. And I'll find your little Savoyard too, Madam; your pretty fortune-teller; it shall go hard but I'll meet with her! [*Exit.*]

Georgina. O! I wish he may discover her, for I shall cherish burning gratitude towards her, to the last hour of my existence! My dear Sir, I feel like one of our little Welch kids at home, trembling on the brink of a monstrous precipice, when its fond parent appears, and guides back its feeble steps, to crop the flow'ry herbage in safety.

[*Led out by her father.*]

SCENE

SCENE—*Lady HORATIA's Drawing-room.**She enters, meeting Sir SIMON.*

Sir Simon (entering). Madam, your most obedient. I did not know that you were Lady Horatia Horton this morning; so I came to apologize, and all that.

Lady Horatia. An unnecessary trouble, Sir. *(coldly.)*

Sir Simon. Not at all, Madam, not at all. If I offend, I am always ready to make amends. A little gipsy yesterday took your name, and railed at Sidney; I could not bear it.

Lady Horatia. And was it therefore, Sir, that you insulted my art? Was it therefore that you laughed at, and abused my——

Sir Simon. Your monsters, Madam. O! keep clear of them, whatever you do! Don't talk of them!

Lady Horatia. Why, is this possible?

Sir Simon. Madam, this life is too short to squander time upon trifles; so, let us come to the point! I am told that you have a great regard for my nephew, and I love and admire you for it; talk of him, and we shall agree to the end of the chapter.

Lady Horatia. The person who told you so, Sir, took an unwarrantable freedom.

Sir Simon. Why, you told me so yourself. Would any lady fly into the city, to talk to a cross old fellow about his nephew, if she had not set her heart upon him? Pho! pho! that spoke your sentiments pretty plainly.

Lady

Lady Horatia (weeping with vexation). O dear! I tell you, I hate your nephew?

Sir Simon. Do you? O, you woman! You downright woman! I see how it is. When he was rich, you loved him; when you looked forward to fine equipage, splendour and expence, you acknowledged his merits; but now that you have heard he is poor, you despise him. O! woman, woman!

Lady Horatia (with heat). Sir, it is false. You injure me in every part of your opinion. When he was rich, he never knew that he had caused a tender thought in me; it was only his poverty that made my passion break out without disguise. It was his distress that made me feel, and acknowledge I adore him.

Sir Simon. What, then, you do love him?

Lady Horatia (much confused). What have I said?

Sir Simon. What you ought never to recal. Speak on; you now talk like a sensible woman.

Lady Horatia. Well, then, receive my full confession. You, his second father! Mr. Apgill has twined himself into my soul; his poverty has endeared him to me a thousand times. Go, Sir, search him out; bring him from his retreat, and tell him, that Horatia Horton knows no value in wealth, but in the pleasure of dividing it with him.

Sir Simon. Huzza, huzza! here's a woman for ye! Madam, he is not poor. I'll put down for Apgill thousand for thousand, as long as you please, and when I die, leave him a plumb!

Lady Horatia. Sir!

Sir Simon. It was all a sagacious trick of mine.

mine. I wanted to try if the dear lad really loved me, and if he possessed real worth of soul. Sentiments, truly noble, he often uttered; but noble sentiments are uttered by scoundrels, who do not possess one feeling, which, if brought to the touchstone, would not disgrace humanity.

Lady Horatia. Mr. Asgill not poor! (*pausing.*) Nay, then I understand the flimsy contrivance. A pitiful plot, to force me to reveal a secret, which I chose to bury in the bottom of my heart. Presuming! (*haughtily.*) Make *me* a dupe! Now, Sir, know that your nephew rich, and your nephew poor, are two distinct persons. I detest his art, and recal all I have said. The *rich* Mr. Asgill, I shall teach myself henceforward to despise. [*Exit.*]

Sir Simon. Whu! Why, what's in the wind now? Upon my soul, I would rather cast up the most intricate account of compound interest, than attempt to calculate what will please a woman. Refuse a man because he is rich!!!

Enter PERKINS.

Perkins. O, Sir! I followed you here without your permission, my tidings are so good; Mr. Asgill is found.

Sir Simon. Ah, Perkins, I saw it in thy eyes, without a word. Thou art an honest fellow, Perkins (*squeezing his hand*). In what street or alley was he found?

Perkins. Street, Sir! A very wide, and a very turbulent street. You will be surprised to hear. I employed my own brother in the business. He traced him last night down to
Port-

Portsmouth, where he had entered himself on board a man of war before the mast!

Sir Simon. Oh!

Perkins. Nay, come, Sir, he is returned.

Sir Simon. Is he come back?

Perkins. William prevailed on him; put him into a chaise and four, and brought him back to his own lodgings.

Sir Simon. Come along, come along! It shall be the best day William ever saw. [Exit.

SCENE—FANCOURT'S.

Enter FANCOURT, followed by Mrs. FANCOURT.

Fancourt (carelessly). Yes—no, my dear—yes——

Mrs. Fancourt. I hope you have been well amused since yesterday, Mr. Fancourt?

Fancourt. Perfectly so, Mrs. Fancourt.

Mrs. Fancourt. You shou'd let me know when you do not mean to return. It is rather unpleasant to sit up all night watching.

Fancourt. O! you can find amusement.

Mrs. Fancourt. How?

Fancourt. You are fond of masquerading, you know.

Mrs. Fancourt. I do not understand you; I never was at more than one masquerade, nor ever formed a wish to repeat it.

Fancourt. And the habit you then wore, I remember, was that of a Savoyard.

Mrs. Fancourt (starting). It was.

Fancourt. And did you then tell fortunes too?

Mrs.

Mrs. Fancourt (aside). I die with fear. Surely I am betrayed.

Fancourt (seizing her hand). Come, tell me, Madam, have you not lately repeated the scene of the Savoyard?

Mrs. Fancourt. Sir! O! he will have no mercy on me! (*trembling.*)

Fancourt. But, why need I ask? I know you have. That fortune-telling was a pretty thought, my dear; but did it occur to you to tell your own fortune? Did you foretel to yourself your own fate on the discovery.

Mrs. Fancourt. Alas! I know too well I must expect all that malice and revenge can inspire; but if I have saved an innocent from destruction, and turned away the arrow which was about to pierce the heart of her benevolent father, I am resigned.

Enter two Men.

Fancourt. Who are you, who enter with so little ceremony into my apartments?

1st Man. What, Master Fancourt, don't you remember us? Mayhap you'll know this? (*taking a constable's staff from his pocket.*)

2d Man. And this? (*drawing forth another.*)

1st Man. Here is a coach waiting below with two of our companions; so the quicker you are, the better.

Fancourt (pale and trembling). This sudden surprise has overpowered me. On whose account do I see you?

1st Man. You'll know that in proper time. I never likes to answer trogatories.

Fancourt. Where am I going?

2d Man. You'll see when we arrive.

Fancourt. Wherever it is, I will not stir without this woman. She shall accompany me wherever I go.

2d Man. Why, you have a very fond husband, Madam.

Mrs. Fancourt. Not so; but he is my husband: I therefore follow without a murmur.

Fancourt. Go first; I will not leave you in the room? *[Exit Mrs. Fancourt.*

Come, gentlemen, let us follow the lady. Bear witness that I am a polite husband to the last. *[Exit.*

SCENE—*Sir ROBERT's Drawing-room.*

He enters with a troubled air.

Sir Robert. A sad, sad slut! Why, what a town this is! A stranger, like me, should go about in leading-strings. Plotters, deceivers in every corner of it. Whether the people one associates with, are what they appear to be, or whether it may not be all one universal masquerade, there is no guessing. *(Goes and opens the door.)* Come—come forth!

JENNY comes out, and walks to the front. He looks at her earnestly.

Now art thou a woman, or a griffin, prithee tell me?

Jenny. Dear Sir, I can tell you no more than I have; I have confess'd every thing; and, on my

my bended knees, I ask for mercy. (*kneeling*)
I am not a griffin, Sir.

Sir Robert. Get up; your flummery of kneeling has no effect. How far I shall have mercy on a wretch, who plann'd the dishonour of my child, I shall consider. I have never met with so atrocious a jade, since the year I was high sheriff for the county. Retire. Your brother, my Lord Beechgrove, approaches.

Jenny (starting up). I care not *that* for your sneers! (*snapping her fingers.*) I'll teach you, my old gentleman, what it is for sixty to have the *impudence* to slight five and twenty. I have wasted as many tender blushes, soft ogles, and enamoured glances on *your* shrivell'd chops, as might have subdued half the gallant soldiers in the allied armies; but I'll be up with you yet!

[*Exit.*

Sir Robert. O, a huffy! What a sad thing it is for a young man, like me, to have wanted gallantry.

TIPPY enters.

My Lord, I am your lordship's most obedient. Why, you have made great haste in undressing, my lord; you are a quick hand at a toilette, I see.

Tippy (looking aghast). Hey!

Sir Robert. I did not exactly know, at first, how to direct to you, to summon your lordship hither, but your sister, the lady Jenny, help'd me out—Mr. Tippy!

Tippy (aside). The devil!

Sir Robert. Pray, when do you publish, Sir?

Your

Your life must be an amusing one. Put me down as a subscriber.

Tippy (aside). Nay, since all is out, I'll brazen it. I'll put you down for something else, Sir, when I publish.

Sir Robert. Aye.

Tippy. Be assured the public shall not want the story of *Taffy*, the Welch knight; who came up a wool-gathering from Glamorgan-shire, after Begums, Nanfooks, and Patna-rice.

Sir Robert. Well, well, I feel that I deserve this, so I take it patiently. Here comes more company; some of your friends, my lord.

FANCOURT enters, Mrs. FANCOURT, and Constables. *Sir ROBERT nods to the Constables, who retire.*

Fancourt. So, Tippy—all is up!

Tippy. Faith, I think, all is down—we have rather a tumble.

Fancourt. Be it so! I have aim'd high; resolved if I did fall, to fall from an eminence. Well, Sir Knight, you'll give us a bottle of Champagne at parting, and let us be merry once again! You thought it celestial happiness, last night, to get tipsey with a lord, and hear him roar out an indecent catch. Do you remember, Tippy, how he oped his mouth, and how his eyes water'd with joy? Ha, ha!

Sir Robert. I can bear all this, for I really have been so preposterously ridiculous, that, I think, I deserve even more than your malice can suggest.

Fancourt, "I say, SNAPPER, we must have him on our side." Ha, ha, ha! "The old

H

scoun-

scoundrel had like to have undone us (*sips*). He is a great fool, but he is related to all the ap Morgans, and ap Shonefes in the county." Ha, ha, ha! That was well, I never hook'd a gudgeon with so little trouble in my life!

GEORGINA^{*} *rushes in.*

It is, it is herself! My charming Savoyard, how I rejoice to see you! You are my mother, sister, friend——

Fancourt (*going up to Mrs. Fancourt*). You, Madam, to whose officiousness my friend and I, owe our disgrace—you shall be rewarded. Now listen (*seizing her hand*), for I am going to plunge a dagger into your heart—you are not my wife. (*flinging away her hand.*)

Mrs. Fancourt. Not your wife?

Fancourt. No. Your affectation and delicacy would not permit you to be married in a Church, you may remember, so I took advantage of your folly, and brought a man, who was never priest till that moment.

Tippy. It is very true, and I am he; it was I who married you. (*bowing low*)

Mrs. Fancourt. Can it be possible? Do I hear right? Am I releas'd from obedience to a man whom I *abhor*? Is it no longer my *duty* to associate with vice? Is it no longer my *fate* to eat the bread of wickedness? O, blissful moment!

Tippy. I am surpris'd you feel so; he is a very good kind of young man.

Mrs. Fancourt. O! welcome poverty and want!

Georgina. Never! Your fate is united to mine.

mine. You are my mother, sister, friend! I must quit you a few moments, for Lady Horatia Horton has sent Mr. Conway for me; but I will leave you in my own apartment. My father's roof is your everlasting protection!

Fancourt. This is, indeed, a stroke! Is *she* to be happy?

Sir Robert. Yes, that she shall, if my protection can make her so.

Mrs. Fancourt. Unhappy man, farewell! The ruin of my peace and fortune I can forgive! O! whilst innocence and friendship invite me to repose, may you find it in *repentance*.

[*Georgina leads her out.*]

Sir Robert. And now, gentlemen, leave my house this moment, or the next you shall be returned into the hands of the constables. Go! turn out upon the world!

Fancourt. We *will* turn out upon the world; so let the world beware! Come, Tippy, the field before us is a wide one——let us erect our banners! *Talents* are our armed forces, with which we encounter Vanity and Foll^y. Wherever *they* appear, we wage war. Allons! (*to Tippy.*) Be of good heart, my boy! The foe is numerous, but weak. Conquest and pillage are our own!

[*They go off.*]

Sir Robert (looking after them). I am glad you are off! These gentlemen have given me some amusement, together with some experience, and it has cost me only one thousand pounds——a cheap bargain!

[*Exit.*]

SCENE---*Lady HORATIA'S Drawing-room.*

Lady HORATIA enters, accompanied by Lady CHARLOTTE.

Lady Horatia. No---no---Adieu to low spirits for ever! My heart is as light as the feather in your hair; I know all; Mr. Conway has told me every thing; there was no plot on *me*! No, my Apgill has proved himself in the hour of trial, as noble, as delicate, as brave as my fancy had always painted him.

Lady Charlotte. Well, happiness is a most becoming thing; it gives fire and expression to every feature. But can it be possible that Mr. Apgill should design to *serve* as a sailor? I thought the party with whom he—

Lady Horatia. Mention *parties* at an hour like this! O! let such distinctions melt into air, and be obliterated for ever! Let every party join hand and heart to save this country, and to cherish its BLESSED CONSTITUTION!

Lady Charlotte. See, here comes Georgina, playing the little tyrant with her enamour'd Conway.

Enter CONWAY leading GEORGINA.

Georgina. I protest I will not hear such things, Mr. Conway. (*snatches away her hand*) Why will you tease me thus? Lady Horatia, I beg you chide him; for he has been talking nonsense to me all the way in your coach.

Lady Horatia. It will give him more pleasure if you chide him. Nay, I will be more
ma-

malicious still, spite of your frowns; I absolutely will tell you——

Georgina puts her hand to Lady Horatia's mouth.

You do not hate him.

Conway. O! that sound is bliss to me!

Georgina. Ah, but I am sure I do not love him.

Conway. How do you know, angel?

Georgina. Why, I never keep wakeful about you, nor ever dream about you. And I do not grow pale, like Miss Gwatkin; and I eat my breakfast with pleasure, and I dine very well; and if I do not see you for a whole day together, I only think——well, to-morrow I shall be more lucky.

Conway (in rapture). Enough, enough——more than I hoped. On these terms I am content to bind my fate to yours. Such artless candour renders you enchanting.

Georgina. Well, then——but do not speak to my papa about it for whole week. Bless me——here's old Simon. (*runs to the top, followed by Conway.*)

Enter Sir SIMON, with ASGILL, in a sailor's dress.

Sir Simon. Here, Madam, I have brought ye your sailor; and if you do not receive him with kindness, and welcome him back with your whole soul, you are no woman for me!

Asgill (rushing to her feet). Adored mistress of my heart! am I welcome?

Lady Horatia. Welcome! O, Asgill, there are characters so high, so noble, that to be chained in by common decorums, would be to have no taste for excellence, and my heart
bounds

bounds with disdain from such frozen rules ! I, who have hitherto treated you with coldness, almost bordering on disdain, now declare, in the presence of my friends, that I am proud to make you master of my fate ; that I feel exalted in having it in my power to confer happiness on you.

Asgill (rising). O ! woman unequall'd !—— Blessed be the hour in which you believed me poor and undone ! Sir Simon has been feeding my soul with ecstasy.

Lady Horatia. Mr. Asgill, you must, indeed, love Sir Simon ; but I know not how I shall set about doing so ; he hates the arts ; he thinks there is nothing dignified in sculpture ; he hears, without veneration, the names of Phidias, and Michael Angelo.

Sir Simon. Come, come, Madam, throw away your chisel and your marble blocks, and set about making a good wife. That ART is the noblest pride of an Englishwoman.

Lady Charlotte. Lady Horatia, you are all smiles ! I declare I should not so easily have forgiven a man (*looking on Asgill*) who could fly from me to the boisterous ocean, and prove such insensibility to beauty and love.

Asgill. Misjudge me not ! I, insensible to beauty, and to love ! O ! my glowing soul confesses their force, and adores their power. Yet the enthusiasm which seized me, when I trod the deck of the Victory, can never be chill'd ! In the glorious tars around me, valour, intrepidity, heroism, shone forth with all their fires ; they flashed through my heart ! And, I swear, that should my country need my assistance, I will again resume the trowsers, and

and sail before the mast, wherever she bids her cannon roar, or her proud pendants fly.

(Advancing forward)

Ah! repose on *us*! And when you look on the gallant spirits, who do honour to this habit, let every fear subside; for, whilst the sea flows, and English sailors are *themselves*, ENGLAND MUST BE THE MISTRESS OF THE GLOBE!

THE END.

EPILOGUE,

MISS WALLIS.



THROUGH five long Acts—a pretty decent swing—
I've been a giddy, tender, harmless thing;
Light as a feather, in the morn of May,
Borne by the perfum'd breath of blue-eyed day.
Nor have I yet thrown by my *studied* part,
GEORGINA, still I am, in garb, and heart—
GEORGINA humbly stands again before ye,
Of gratitude so full!—she half adores ye.

It puzzles me to guess, when Conway's wife,
On what sweet plan to form my married life:
My heart beats high to think how I shall flash,
Pre-eminent, and bold, like Lady Dash.
Reflection ne'er to me shall be a damper,
My curricl I'll drive—on horseback scamper—
Keep Pharo Banks—take the long odds at races,
And know the knowing ones, in all their paces;
Lounge at Newmarket in the betting-rooms,
And prate to Lady Harriet—and my grooms.

But whilst I thus blaze on, in Folly's road,
And profligate, forsake my blest abode—
Where is my husband's peace?—his honour—where?
Who shall his lonely hours console, and share?
O! the black prospect scares my trembling art,
And from the headlong precipice I start.
Dear *wedded happiness!* my soul is thine,
My pride shall be, in thy mild paths to shine—
My CONWAY'S temperate joys I'll make my own;
And *his* felicity my life shall crown;
With *him* through Pleasure's paths I'll sometimes roam,
But still my *first enjoyment*, shall be HOME.
The Household Gods ten thousand graces wear,
Nor stoop to borrow tinsel'd, *foreign* glare—
Yet never shall your Household Deities frown,
Though you should steal an hour, to see—THE TOWN!

